John Wm Roy Crawford

THE ALDINE EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS

THE POEMS OF ALEXANDER POPE

IN THREE VOLUMES

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE

VOLUME III

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CONTENTS.

VOL. III.

Page

EPISTLE to Dr. Arbuthnot, being the Prologue to the Satires 1

SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ODES OF HORACE IMITATED.

The First Satire of the Second Book of Horace. To Mr. Fortescue 20

The Second Satire of the Second Book of Horace. To Mr. Bethel 26

The Sixth Satire of the Second Book of Horace. The first part imitated in the year 1714, by Dr. Swift; the latter part added afterwards 33

The First Epistle of the First Book of Horace. To Lord Bolingbroke 40

The Sixth Epistle of the First Book of Horace. To Mr. Murray 47

The Seventh Epistle of the First Book of Horace. In the manner of Dr. Swift 52

The First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace. To Augustus 56

The Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace 72

The First Ode of the Fourth Book of Horace. To Venus 84

The Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book of Horace. A Fragment 90

Satires of Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, versified.

Satire II 87

Satire IV 92

Page

Epilogue to the Satires. In two Dialogues, written in 1738. Dialogue I..... 102
Dialogue II..... 109
On receiving from the Right Honourable the Lady Frances Shirley, a Standish and two Pens..... 119
'Celia, we know, is sixty-five' 120
1740. A Poem..... 121
The Fourth Epistle of the First Book of Horace..... 126
A Sermon against Adultery; being sober Advice from Horace to the Young Gentlemen about Town, as delivered in his Second Sermon. Imitated in the manner of Mr. Pope..... 128

EPITAPHS.

On Charles, Earl of Dorset..... 135
On Sir William Trumbull, one of the principal Secretaries of State to King William III..... 136
On the Honourable Simon Harcourt, only Son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt..... 137
On James Craggs, Esq. 137
On Mr. Rowe 138
On Mrs. Corbet, who died of a Cancer in her Breast... 138
On the Monument of the Hon. R. Digby and of his Sister Mary, erected by their Father, Lord Digby 139
On Sir Godfrey Kneller..... 140
On General Henry Withers..... 140
On Mr. Elijah Fenton 141
On Mr. Gay 141
Intended for Sir Isaac Newton..... 142
On Dr. Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, who died in exile at Paris, 1732..... 142
On Edmund Duke of Buckingham, who died in the nineteenth Year of his age, 1735 143
For one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey. 143
Another on the same 143
On Two Lovers struck dead by Lightning..... 144

Page

THE DUNCIAD, IN FOUR BOOKS.

A Letter to the publisher, occasioned by the first correct Edition of the Dunciad 147
Martinus Scriblerus his Prolegomena and Illustrations to the Dunciad; with the Hypercritics of Aristarchus..... 158
Testimonies of Authors concerning our Poet and his Works..... 160
Martinus Scriblerus of the Poem 190
Ricardus Aristarchus of the Hero of the Poem..... 197
Preface prefixed to the Five first imperfect Editions of the Dunciad 213
List of Books, Papers, and Verses, in which our Author was abused before the Publication of the Dunciad, with the true Names of the Authors... 219
Advertisement to the first Edition, with Notes, in quarto, 1729..... 226
Advertisement to the first Edition of the Fourth Book of the Dunciad, when printed separately, 1742..... 228
Advertisement to the complete Edition of 1743..... 229
Advertisement printed in the Journals, 1730..... 231
Of the Poet Laureate. Nov. 19, 1729..... 231
Parallel of the Characters of Mr. Dryden and Mr. Pope..... 238
Parallel of the Characters of Mr. Pope and Mr. Dryden..... 239
Declaration, by the Author..... 247
BOOK I..... 248
BOOK II..... 271
BOOK III..... 305
BOOK IV..... 329
Index of Persons and Matters..... 361

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT,

BEING THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons[1] of rank and fortune [the authors of "Verses to the imitator of Horace," and of an "Epistle to a doctor of divinity from a nobleman at Hampton Court"] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge), but my person, morals, and family; whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their names, and they may escape being laughed at if they please.

I would have some of them know it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed

[1] See *Memoir* prefixed to these volumes, p. xcii.

that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out but by its truth and likeness.

P. "SHUT, shut the door, good John!"[2] fatigued, I said;
"Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead."
The dogstar rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
E'en Sunday shines no sabbath day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner time.
Is there a parson much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?

[2] John Searl, Pope's faithful servant.

All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur,[3] whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish and an aching head,
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your peace nine years."

"Nine years!" cries he, who, high in Drury Lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why, take it,
I'm all submission; what you'd have it—make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
"My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound."

[3] Arthur Moore, Esq.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his grace,
I want a patron; ask him for a place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—"But here's a letter
Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
He'll write a journal,[4] or he'll turn divine."
Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues,
A virgin tragedy, an orphan Muse."
If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the house rejects him, "'Sdeath, I'll
print it,
And shame the fools—your interest, Sir, with
Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue, will think your price too much:
"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At last he whispers, "Do, and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door;
"Sir, let me see your works and you no more."
'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a king)
His very minister[5] who spied them first
(Some say his queen) was forc'd to speak or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?

[4] The London Journal.

[5] An allusion to Sir Robert Walpole and Queen Caroline.

A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous things;
I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing—*P*. Nothing! if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gallery in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb thro',
He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain;
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet or peer
Lost the arch'd eyebrow or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colley still his lord and whore?
His butchers Henley?[6] his freemasons Moore?[7]

[6] Orator Henley declaimed among the butchers in Newport Market and Butcher's Row.

[7] He used frequently to head the processions of the Freemasons.

Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one bishop[8] Philips seem a wit?
Still Sappho—*A.* Hold! for God's sake—you'll offend.
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these—*P.* One flatterer's worse than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes;
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"
There are who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace; and, though lean, am short;
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and "Sir! you have an eye—."
Go on, obliging creatures! make me see
All that disgrac'd my betters met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head:"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.
Why did I write? what sin to me unknown

[8] Bishop Boulter, the friend and patron of Ambrose Philips.

Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came:
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd:
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease my life,
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserv'd to bear.

A. But why then publish? *P.* Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd, my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,
E'en mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
'A painted mistress, or a purling stream.'
Yet then did Gildon[9] draw his venal quill;

[9] Gildon, who acquired considerable notoriety as a critic, dramatist, &c., grossly abused Pope in some of his writings: see *Memoir* prefixed to these volumes, p. lvi., and note on *Dunciad*, b. i., v. 296.

I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still:
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd; I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.
Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd, if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds:
Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word catcher that lives on syllables,
E'en such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting weight pride adds to emptiness,
This who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,[1]

[1] Ambrose Philips translated the *Persian Tales* from the French.

Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard bound brains eight lines a year;
He who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;
And he who now to sense, now nonsense, leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these my modest satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
Bless'd with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools; by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;

While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus[2] were he?

What though my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great George! a birthday song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy daggled through the town
To fetch and carry sing song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cried,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill
Sat full blown Bufo,[3] puff'd by every quill:

[2] Addison: see *Memoir* prefixed to these volumes, p. lvi.

[3] It seems absurd to suppose, as most of Pope's commentators have done, that Bufo was intended for Lord Halifax. That nobleman died in 1715; the present poem was not printed till 1734; and in the *Epilogue to the Satires*, Dialogue Second, which appeared in 1738, Pope enumerates him among his most valued friends,

"Thus Somers once, and Halifax were mine."

See too *Memoir* prefixed to these volumes, p. xlvii.

Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets dead,
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd every day, and some days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh;
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
But still the great have kindness in reserve;
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.
May some choice patron bless each gray goose
May every Bavius have his Bufo still! [quill!
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Bless'd be the great! for those they take away,
And those they left me—for they left me Gay;
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh! let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do):

Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please;
Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.
Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with Swift"—"Indeed? no doubt
(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;
"No, such a genius never can lie still:"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will[4] or Bubo[5] makes.
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style?
Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft ey'd virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,

[4] Sir William Young.
[5] Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe.

Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;
That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray;
Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Canons[6] what was never there;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Makes satire a lampoon, and fiction lie:
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus[7] tremble—*A.* What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk?[8]
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted[9] child of dirt, that stinks and stings;

[6] An allusion to those who endeavoured to persuade the Duke of Chandos that Pope meant to ridicule him under the character of Timon, in the *Epistle on Taste:* see *Memoir* prefixed to these volumes, p. lxxxvi.

[7] Lord Hervey: see *Memoir* prefixed to these volumes, p. xcii.

[8] To keep off epilepsy, Lord Hervey lived on ass's milk and biscuits.

[9] To improve his ghastly complexion, Lord Hervey used a little rouge.

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks,
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies;
His wit all seesaw between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have exprest,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
Not proud nor servile; be one poet's praise,
That if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways;
That flattery, even to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song;

That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;[1]
The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair virtue! welcome even the last!

A. But why insult the poor? affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave to me in every state;
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail;
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,

[1] Buckingham, Burlington, Bathurst, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, Pope's parents, and even his nurse, were abused in the publications of Moore, Ducket, Welsted, &c.

Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress;
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhym'd for Moore.
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie.[2]
To please a mistress one aspers'd his life:
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will;[3]
Let the two Curlls of town and court[4] abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse:
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool;
That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore!
Unspotted names, and memorable long,
If there be force in virtue, or in song.
Of gentle blood[5] (part shed in honour's cause,

[2] Welsted asserted in print that Pope had caused a lady's death, and that he had libelled the Duke of Chandos (in the character of Timon), from whom, it was added, he had received five hundred pounds.

[3] Budgell was suspected of having forged the will of Dr. Tindal, by which he acquired almost the whole fortune of a man not at all related to him.

[4] The "Curll of court" means Lord Hervey.

[5] "Mr. Pope's father," says our author in a note on this passage, "was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsay. His mother was the daughter

While yet in Britain honour had applause)
Each parent sprung—*A.* What fortune, pray?—
P. Their own;
And better got than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age:
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an oath,[6] nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.
O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;

of William Turner, Esq. of York: she had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family."

[6] Pope's father was a non-juror.

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend!
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a queen.

A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right;—the rest belongs to heaven.

SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ODES OF HORACE.

IMITATED.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.—HOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The occasion of publishing these imitations was the clamour raised on some of my epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full and of more dignity than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the princes and ministers under whom they lived. The satires of Dr. Donne I versified at the desire of the Earl of Oxford, while he was lord treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been secretary of state; neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, —the mistaking a satirist for a libeller; whereas to a true satirist nothing is so odious as a libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite.

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

TO MR. FORTESCUE,[1]

P. THERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told),
There are to whom my satire seems too bold;
Scarce to wise Peter[2] complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres[3] much too rough.
The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say;
Lord Fanny[4] spins a thousand such a day.
Timorous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to counsel learned in the law:
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.

F. I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night;
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the night seem tedious—take a wife:
Or rather, truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine: *probatum est.*
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise

[1] Baron of the Exchequer, and afterwards Master of the Rolls.

[2] See note [2] vol. ii. p. 121. [3] See note [4] vol. ii. p. 75.

[4] Lord Hervey.

Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.
Or if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise;
You'll gain at least a knighthood or the bays.

P. What? like Sir Richard,[5] rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With arms, and George, and Brunswick, crowd the verse;
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?[6]

F. Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay;
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow through all the royal line.

P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their laureate twice a year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays;
It is to history he trusts for praise.

F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.
E'en those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

[5] Sir Richard Blackmore. [6] At the battle of Oudenard.

P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty[7] his ham-pie:
Ridotta sips and dances till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she:
F— loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all else, as one egg to another.
I love to pour out all myself as plain
As downright Shippen,[8] or as old Montaigne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next;
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And every friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
Verse-man or prose-man, term me which you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet;

[7] Dartineuf, a great epicure, with whom Pope appears to have lived on good terms.

[8] Of this distinguished Member of Parliament, Sir Robert Walpole repeatedly said, that "he was *not corruptible*."

I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
Save but our army! and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more:
But touch me, and no minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song.

Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page;[9]
From furious Sappho[1] scarce a milder fate,
Pox'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
Its proper power to hurt each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.

Then, learned sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court,
Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the evening of my day,
Or death's black wing already be display'd,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,

[9] Judge Page is said to have treated delinquents rather too roughly.

[1] See *Memoir* prefixed to these volumes, p. xcii.

Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write;
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Budgell I will rhyme and print.
F. Alas, young man, your days can ne'er be long;
In flower of age you perish for a song!
Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers now to take your life.
P. What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men,
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car,
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatterers and bigots e'en in Louis' reign?
Could laureate Dryden pimp and friar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
I will, or perish in the generous cause;
Hear this, and tremble! you who 'scape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave:
To Virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place:
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl

The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he,[2] whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Envy must own I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
What saith my counsel, learned in the laws?

F. Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.
Consult the statute; *quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi sext. or *prim. et quint. Eliz.*
See libels, satires—here you have it—read.

P. Libels and satires! lawless things indeed!
But grave epistles, bringing vice to light,
Such as a king might read, a bishop write,
Such as Sir Robert[3] would approve—*F.* Indeed!
The case is alter'd—you may then proceed:
In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

[2] The Earl of Peterborough. [3] Walpole.

THE SECOND SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

TO MR. BETHEL.[1]

What, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart!
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine;
Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.
"Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish denied (the river yet unthaw'd);
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat."

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.

[1] See note [3] vol. ii. p. 75.

Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat)
Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.
Oldfield,[2] with more than harpy throat endued,
Cries, "Send me, gods! a whole hog barbecued!"
O blast it, south winds! till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink?
When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, still we see;
Thus much is left of old simplicity!
The robin redbreast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a martin's nest,
Till becaficos sold so devilish dear
To one that was, or would have been, a peer.
Let me extol a cat on oysters fed;
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head:
Or e'en to crack live crawfish recommend;
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend!
'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between excess and famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid, though not splendid, clean.

[2] A glutton, who ran through a fortune of fifteen hundred a year, by indulging himself in good eating.

Avidien or his wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine:
But on some lucky day (as when they found
A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so generous cannot bear:
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side nor on that;
Nor stops for one bad cork his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like Nævius, every error pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

Now hear what blessings temperance can bring:
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)
First health: the stomach (cramm'd from every dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid, jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)
Remembers oft the schoolboy's simple fare,
The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale each worshipful and reverend guest
Rise from a clergy or a city feast!
What life in all that ample body say?
What heavenly particle inspires the clay?

The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal e'en in sound divines.
On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
How easy every labour it pursues!
How coming to the poet every Muse!
Not but we may exceed some holy time,
Or tir'd in search of truth or search of rhyme:
Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
And more the sickness of long life, old age:
For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemperate youth the vessel drains?
Our fathers prais'd rank venison. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he the voice of fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear,
(For 'faith, lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better that a song)
Who has not learn'd fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want and infamy!
When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself;
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;

And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.
" Right, (cries his lordship) for a rogue in need
To have a taste is insolence indeed:
In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the new built churches round thee fall?
Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall;
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's[3] was, but not at five *per cent.*
" Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,
Or bless'd with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?"
Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the man.
In south sea days, not happier, when surmis'd
The lord of thousands, than if now excis'd;

[3] A stroke of satire at the avarice of the Duke of Marlborough.

In forest-planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On brocoli and mutton round the year;
But ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounslow Heath I point, and Bansted Down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
From yon old walnut tree a shower shall fall,
And grapes long lingering on my only wall;
And figs from standard and espalier join;
The devil is in you if you cannot dine:
Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have place),
And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
Though double tax'd, how little have I lost!
My life's amusements have been just the same,
Before and after standing armies came.
My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? through whose free opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest).
"Pray heaven it last! (cries Swift) as you go on;

I wish to God this house had been your own!
Pity! to build without a son or wife:
Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?[4]
What's property? dear Swift! you see it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;[5]
Or in a mortgage prove a lawyer's share,
Or in a jointure vanish from the heir;
Or in pure equity (the case not clear)
The chancery takes your rents for twenty year:
At best it falls to some ungracious son,
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
Shades,[6] that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord;
And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scrivener or a city knight.
Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

[4] Mrs. Vernon, from whom Pope purchased the lease of his house and gardens at Twickenham.

[5] See note [2], vol. ii. p. 121.

[6] Gorhambury, near St. Albans.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

THE FIRST PART IMITATED IN THE YEAR 1714 BY DR. SWIFT; THE LATTER PART ADDED AFTERWARDS.

I've often wish'd that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this, and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.
If I ne'er got or lost a groat
By any trick or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools,
As thus: 'Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre;
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure;
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,

Preserve, almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence;
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose,
Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.'
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent,
Nor cross the channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown;
'Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
Send for him up; take no excuse.'
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or, let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found;
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
'Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you're come to town.'
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee day,
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And smiling, whispers to the next,

'I thought the Dean had been too proud
To jostle here among a crowd.'
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit;
'So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke.'
I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears;
'To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help the cause is gone.'
'The duke expects my lord and you
About some great affair at two.'—
'Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
Consider, 'tis my first request.'—
'Be satisfied, I'll do my best:'—
Then presently he falls to tease,
'You may be certain, if you please;
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you.'—

'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, 'What's o'clock?' and, 'How's the wind?'
'Whose chariot's that we left behind?'
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, 'Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnelle, or from Gay?'
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell
Because they see me us'd so well.
'How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean;
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together *tête à tête*.
What! they admire him for his jokes—
See but the fortune of some folks!'
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court;
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in every street.

'You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great,
Inform us, will the Emperor treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?'
'Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.'
'Ah doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret.'—'I protest
'Tis one to me.'—'Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?'
And though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat:
O, could I see my country seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,
And there, in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.
O charming noons! and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum;
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And e'en the very dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,

A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what's in either of the houses;
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn;
Which is the happier or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?
Whether we ought to choose our friends
For their own worth or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what the very best of all?

Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely *à-propos*:
Name a town life, and in a trice
He had a story of two mice.
Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse, upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul;
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, *coûte qui coûte*.
He brought him bacon, (nothing lean,)
Pudding that might have pleas'd a dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit;

He did his best to seem to eat,
And cried, ‘ I vow you're mighty neat:
But lord, my friend, this savage scene!
For God's sake come and live with men:
Consider, mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I;
Then spend your life in joy and sport,
(This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.')
The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they came, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn,
('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sat late).
Behold the place where if a poet
Shin'd in description he might show it;
Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red:
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat *tête-à-tête.*
Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
‘ *Que ça est bon! Ah, goutez ça!*
That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,

Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in.'
Was ever such a happy swain!
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
'I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good—
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My lord alone knows how to live.'
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
'A rat, a rat! clap to the door'—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the art of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence, they think,
For your damn'd stucco has no chink)
'An't please your honour,' quoth the peasant,
'This same dessert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty!'

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

St. John, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why will you break the sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.

Public too long, ah! let me hide my age:
See modest Cibber now has left the stage:
Our generals now, retir'd to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates;
In life's cool evening satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding e'en in Brunswick's cause.

A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
('Tis reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear,)
'Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take breath,
And never gallop Pegasus to death;
Lest stiff and stately, void of fire or force,
You limp, like Blackmore, on a lord mayor's horse.'

Farewell then verse, and love, and every toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What right, what true, what fit, we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all;
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste
What every day will want, and most the last.

But ask not to what doctors I apply;
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
As drives the storm, at any door I knock,
And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.
Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the state;
Free as young Lyttelton, her cause pursue,
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Aristippus or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.

Long as to him who works for debt the day,
Long as the night to her whose love's away,
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll
That lock up all the functions of my soul,
That keep me from myself, and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day;
That task which, as we follow or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise;
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort not to be a fool.
Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite,
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden[1] advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to go back is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk, at least, before they dance.

Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched avarice, or as wretched love?
Know there are words and spells which can control,
Between the fits, this fever of the soul;
Know there are rhymes which, fresh and fresh applied,
Will cure the arrantest puppy of his pride.
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,

[1] See *Memoir* prefixed to these volumes, p. cxii.

A Switz, a High-Dutch or a Low-Dutch bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.
'Tis the first virtue vices to abhor,
And the first wisdom to be fool no more:
But to the world no bugbear is so great
As want of figure and a small estate.
To either India see the merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale poverty!
See him with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing to make philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
Here Wisdom calls, 'Seek virtue first, be bold!
As gold to silver, virtue is to gold.'
There London's voice, 'Get money, money still!
And then let virtue follow if she will.'
This, this the saving doctrine preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.
Barnard[2] in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;
'Pray then what wants he?' Fourscore thousand pounds;
A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*l, their honours! and so forth.

[2] Sir John Barnard, Knight; a citizen eminent for his public spirit and talents in parliament.

Yet every child another song will sing,
'Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king.'
True, conscious honour is to feel no sin;
He's arm'd without that's innocent within:
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass;
Compar'd to this a minister's an ass.
And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new court jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at Cressy and Poitiers?
Who counsels best? who whispers, 'Be but great,
With praise or infamy leave that to fate;
Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.'
For what? to have a box where eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a king.
Or he who bids thee face with steady view
Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness through,
And, while he bids thee, sets th' example too?
If such a doctrine, in St. James's air,
Should chance to make the well dress'd rabble stare;
If honest S**z take scandal at a spark
That less admires the palace than the park;
Faith, I shall give the answer Reynard gave:
'I cannot like, dread sir! your royal cave;
Because I see, by all the tracks about,
Full many a beast goes in, but none come out.'
Adieu to virtue, if you're once a slave:
Send her to court, you send her to her grave.
Well, if a king's a lion, at the least

The people are a many headed beast;
Can they direct what measures to pursue
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:
Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;
The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn;
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent.
In dirt and darkness hundreds stink content.
Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone;
But show me one who has it in his power
To act consistent with himself an hour.
Sir Job sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,
'No place on earth (he cried) like Greenwich hill!'
Up starts a palace: lo, the obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsey, or that devil within
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen;
'Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
For snug's the word: my dear! we'll live in town.'
At amorous Flavio is the stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.

The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?
Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch;
They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner to their shoes,
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
They hire their sculler, and when once aboard
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord.
You laugh, half beau, half sloven, if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy lady Mary!
But when no prelate's lawn, with hair-shirt lin'd,
Is half so incoherent as my mind,
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life),
I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case;
Nor once to chancery nor to Hale apply,
Yet hang your lip to see a seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure,—not to me.
Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?
This he who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)

That man divine whom wisdom calls her own;
Great without title, without fortune bless'd;
Rich e'en when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd;
Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without power,
At home though exil'd; free though in the Tower;
In short, that reasoning, high, immortal thing,
Just less than Jove, and much above a king;
Nay, half in heaven—except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapours clouds this demigod.

THE SIXTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

TO MR. MURRAY.[1]

'Not to admire, is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so.'
(Plain truth, dear Murray! needs no flowers of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)
This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-center'd sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look through, and trust the Ruler with his skies;
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful all—without a fear.

[1] Afterwards Lord Mansfield.

Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold?
Or popularity? or stars and strings?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings?
Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?
If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire:
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away;
For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds and reflected plate;
Procure a taste to double the surprise,
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes;
Be struck with bright brocade or Tyrian dye,
Our birthday nobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleas'd, at council board rejoice
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall one whom nature, learning, birth, conspir'd

To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?
Yet time ennobles or degrades each line;
It brighten'd Craggs's,[2] and may darken thine.
And what is fame? the meanest have their day;
The greatest can but blaze and pass away.
Grac'd as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, so honour'd, at the house of lords:
Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far,) where kings and poets lie;
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!
Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone?
See Ward,[3] by batter'd beaus invited over,
And desperate misery lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cur'd whene'er they please.
Would ye be bless'd? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.
But art thou one whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who virtue and a church alike disowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?

[2] Whose father had been originally in a low situation.
[3] Famous for his quack medicines: so was Dover.

Fly then on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
Is wealth thy passion? hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll;
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, and outbid the bold:
Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise;
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square:
For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
Will gain a wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such friends—as cannot fail to last.
A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth;
Venus shall give him form, and Anstis[4] birth.
(Believe me, many a German prince is worse,
Who proud of pedigree is poor of purse.)
His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.
Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word you must be rich indeed:
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;
Something which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.

[4] Garter king at arms.

If wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
Still, still be getting; never, never rest.
But if to power and place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consist the joy;
Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord,
To do the honours, and to give the word;
Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
Whom honour with your hand; to make remarks,
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
'This may be troublesome, is near the chair;
That makes three members, this can choose a mayor.'
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him son, or cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest.
Or if your life be one continued treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey:
With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
So Russel did, but could not eat at night;
Call'd happy dog the beggar at his door,
And envied thirst and hunger to the poor.
Or shall we every decency confound,
Through taverns, stews, and bagnios, take our round?
Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
K**l's lewd cargo, or Ty**y's crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan feasts,

Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our country, and degrade our name?
If, after all, we must with Wilmot[5] own
The cordial drop of life is love alone;
And Swift cry wisely, '*Vive la bagatelle!*'
The man that loves and laughs must sure do well.
Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first:
Or better precepts if you can impart:
Why do; I'll follow them with all my heart.

THE SEVENTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'Tis true, my lord, I gave my word
I would be with you June the third;
Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it—as you do at court.
You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in every street,
And funerals blackening all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:

[5] Earl of Rochester.

And what a dust in every place!
And a thin court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W * and H * * both in town!
'The dogdays are no more the case.'
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
And you shall see the first warm weather
Me and the butterflies together.
My lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with distinction you bestow,
And not to every one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his plums.
'Pray take them, sir—enough's a feast:
Eat some, and pocket up the rest'—
What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!
'No, sir, you'll leave them to the hogs.'
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell ye wherefore:
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or should
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
A safe companion, and a free;

But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your honour's ear:
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution,
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging smile, the gaiety
That laugh'd down many a summer sun,
And kept you up so oft till one;
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my strain.

A weasel once made shift to slink
In at a corn-loft through a chink,
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in;
Which one belonging to the house
('Twas not a man, it was a mouse,)
Observing, cried, 'You 'scape not so;
Lean as you came, sir, you must go.'
Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation,
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans;
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.
'Give me, I cried (enough for me),
My bread and independency!'

So bought an annual rent or two,
And liv'd—just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low;
There died my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.
To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
'Harley, the nation's great support'—
But you may read it, I stop short.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince, whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire; but to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This epistle will show the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a patron of poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate; *Admonebat prætores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsolefieri*, &c.; the other, that this piece was only a general discourse of poetry; whereas it was an apology for the poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries; first, against the taste of the town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly, against the court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre; and, lastly, against the emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shows (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their prede-

cessors; that their morals were much improved, and the license of those ancient poets restrained; that satire and comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the stage were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the state; and concludes, that it was upon them the emperor himself must depend for his fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince, by writing with a decent freedom toward him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.

TO AUGUSTUS.[1]

WHILE you, great patron of mankind! sustain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,
At home with morals, arts, and laws amend;
How shall the muse, from such a monarch, steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?

Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of generous toils endur'd,
The Gaul subdued, or property secur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
All human virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.

[1] Meaning George the Second.

The great Alcides, every labour past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last:
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat;
Those suns of glory please not till they set.

To thee the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great friend of liberty! in kings a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame;
Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd
As Heaven's own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of kings! like whom to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.

Just in one instance, be it yet confest
Your people, sir, are partial in the rest;
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote.
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the muses met him at the devil.[2]

Though justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our sires?

[2] The Devil Tavern.

In every public virtue we excel,
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance, as well;
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.
If time improve our wit as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so
Who died, perhaps, a hundred years ago?
End all dispute; and fix the year precise
When British bards begin t' immortalize?
'Who lasts a century can have no flaw;
I hold that wit a classic, good in law.'
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him ancient, right, and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once
At ninety-nine a modern and a dunce?
'We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
By courtesy of England he may do.'
Then by the rule that made the horsetail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down ancients like a heap of snow,
While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe,
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier.
Shakespeare (whom you and every playhouse bill
Style the divine! the matchless! what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The life to come in every poet's creed.

Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:
Forgot his Epic, nay, Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart.
'Yet surely, surely these were famous men!
What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
In all debates where critics bear a part,
Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,
Of Shakespeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;
But for the passions, Southerne sure, and Rowe!
These, only these, support the crowded stage,
From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age.'
All this may be; the people's voice is odd;
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband[3] praise,
Or say our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
But let them own that greater faults than we
They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
Spenser himself affects the obsolete,
And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet;
Milton's strong pinion now not heaven can bound,
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;
In quibbles angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school-divine.

[3] A comedy by Colley Cibber.

Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley with his desperate hook;
Or damn all Shakespeare, like th' affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.
But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er,)
One smile that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines.
Or lengthen'd thought, that gleams through many a page,
Has sanctified whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new;
While, if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.
On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow,
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Though but perhaps a muster-roll of names,)
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And having once been wrong, will be so still.
He who, to seem more deep than you or I,

Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debase the sons exalts the sires.
Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned critics of the mighty dead?

In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restor'd;
In every taste of foreign courts improv'd,
'All by the king's example liv'd and lov'd.'[4]
Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t' excel,
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;
The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France,
And every flowery courtier writ romance.
Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on animated canvass stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at court;
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble through a eunuch's throat.

But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now whig, now tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;
Now for prerogatives, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.

[4] A verse of Lord Lansdown.

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;
Instruct his family in every rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his fathers was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove that luxury could never hold,
And place on good security his gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich:
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays;
Our wives read Milton; and our daughters plays;
To theatres and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie,
Not **'s self e'er tells more fibs than I:
When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.
He serv'd a 'prenticeship who sets up shop;
Ward[5] tried on puppies and the poor his drop;
E'en Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley[6] venture, all the world would smile),
But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

[5] See note [3] p. 49. [6] See note [2] vol. ii. p. 134.

Yet, sir, reflect; the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the church or state:
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind,
And rarely avarice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
Flight of cashiers,[7] or mobs, he'll never mind,
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
To cheat a friend or ward, he leaves to Peter;[8]
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his diet.

Of little use the man you may suppose
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show a poet's of some weight,
And (though no soldier) useful to the state.
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace?
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king;
Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)

[7] Knight, cashier of the South Sea Company, fled into France, on the bursting of that bubble.

[8] See note [2] vol. ii. p. 121.

No whiter page than Addison remains:
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd,
'The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd.'[5]
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor;
Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms;
The boys and girls whom charity maintains
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could devotion touch the country pews
Unless the gods bestow'd a proper muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down pope and Turk.
The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain;
The blessing thrills thro' all the labouring throng,
And heaven is won by violence of song.

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain

[5] This passage drew down on Pope threats of a prosecution.

With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd every brow, and open'd every soul:
With growing years the pleasing license grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew.
But times corrupt, and nature, ill inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice rag'd through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th'alarm,
Appeal'd to law, and Justice lent her arm.
At length by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
Most warp'd to flattery's side; but some, more nice,
Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.
We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine:
Though still some traces of our rustic vein
And splay foot verse remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd nation breath'd from civil war.

Exact Racine and Corneille's noble fire
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway, shone;
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespeare scarce effac'd a line.
E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art,—the art to blot.
Some doubt if equal pains or equal fire
The humbler muse of comedy require.
But in known images of life I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less.
Observe how seldom e'en the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed?
What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van[6] wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely does Astrea[7] tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey[8] eat with vast applause!
But fill their purse, our poet's work is done,
Alike to them by pathos or by pun.
O you! whom vanity's light bark conveys
On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high:
Who pants for glory finds but short repose;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

[6] Sir John Vanbrugh.
[7] Mrs. Behn.
[8] Penkethman, the comedian.

Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play
The silly bard grows fat or falls away.
There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many headed monster of the pit;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd,
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the farce, the bear, or the black joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords:
(Taste! that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes,)
The play stands still; damn action and discourse:
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.[9]
With laughter sure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people sure, the people are the sight!
Ah, luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
Loud as the wolves on Orcas' stormy steep

[9] The armour of one of the English kings was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the champion, when the coronation of Henry VIII. was represented on the stage.

Howl to the roarings of the northern deep;
Such is the shout, the long applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;
Or when from court a birthday suit bestow'd,
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
'But has he spoken?'—Not a syllable.
'What shook the stage, and made the people stare?'
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd chair.

Yes, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart,
And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

But not this part of the poetic state
Alone deserves the favour of the great.
Think of those authors, sir, who would rely
More on a reader's sense than gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill a library with wit,
When Merlin's cave[1] is half unfurnish'd yet?

[1] A building in the royal gardens at Richmond, where there was a small but choice collection of books.

My liege! why writers little claim your thought
I guess, and, with their leave, will tell the fault.
We poets are (upon a poet's word)
Of all mankind the creatures most absurd:
The season when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience just like other men.
Then, too, we hurt ourselves when, to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat, unask'd; lament, the wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out every line:
But most when straining with too weak a wing
We needs will write epistles to the king;
And from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place or pension from the crown;
Or dubb'd historians by express command,
T' enrol your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
Be call'd to court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.

Yet think, great sir! (so many virtues shown)
Ah! think what poet best may make them known:
Or choose at least some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the laureate's weighty place.

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.

The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd
Quarles,
Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear
'No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear.'
Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august of king, or conquering chief,
E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
O! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose, to sing!
What seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your country's peace how oft, how dearly bought!
How barbarous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep
Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep,
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne:
But verse, alas! your majesty disdains;
And I'm not us'd to panegyric strains.
The zeal of fools offends at any time,
But most of all the zeal of fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise they say I bite.
A vile encomium doubly ridicules;
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woful likeness; and, if lies,
'Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise.'
Well may he blush who gives it, or receives;

And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things,
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings,)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or, fluttering in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. HOR.

DEAR colonel,[1] Cobham's and your country's friend!
You love a verse; take such as I can send.
A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows and begins—'This lad, sir, is of Blois:
Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
My only son, I'd have him see the world:
His French is pure; his voice too—you shall hear.
Sir, he's your slave for twenty pound a-year.
Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
Your barber, cook, upholsterer; what you please:
A perfect genius at an opera song—
To say too much might do my honour wrong.
Take him with all his virtues on my word;
His whole ambition was to serve a lord.

[1] Colonel Cotterell, of Rousham, near Oxford.

But, sir, to you with what would I not part?
Though, faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart.
Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
(Could you o'erlook but that) it is—to steal.'
If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd so bad?
Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think Sir Godfrey[2] should decide the suit;
Who sent the thief that stole the cash away,
And punish'd him that put it in his way.
Consider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went I could not write;
You said the same; and are you discontent
With laws to which you gave your own assent?
Nay, worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
In Anna's wars a soldier, poor and old,
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
Tir'd in a tedious march, one luckless night
He slept, (poor dog!) and lost it to a doit.
This put the man in such a desperate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a castle wall,
Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
'Prodigious well!' his great commander cried,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.

[2] Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Next pleas'd his excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter,)
'Go on, my friend (he cried), see yonder walls!
Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
More honours, more rewards, attend the brave.'
Don't you remember what reply he gave?—
'D'ye think me, noble general! such a sot?
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.'
Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son:
Besides, my father taught me from a lad
The better art, to know the good from bad;
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove)
But knottier points, we knew not half so well,
Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,
Denied all posts of profit or of trust:
Hopes after hopes of pious papists fail'd,
While mighty William's thundering arm prevail'd.
For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it;
Convict a papist he, and I a poet.
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive;
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,[3]
If I would scribble rather than repose.

[3] Dr. Monroe was Physician to Bedlam Hospital.

Years following years steal something every day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend.
This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me if it snatch my rhyme?
If every wheel of that unwearied mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still?
But, after all, what would ye have me do,
When out of twenty I can please not two?
When this heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg:
Hard task to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineauf[4] detests!
But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme, can London be the place?
Who there his muse, or self, or soul, attends,
In crowds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?
My counsel sends to execute a deed:
A poet begs me I will hear him read.
In Palace yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten, for certain, sir, in Bloomsbury-square—
Before the lords at twelve my cause comes on—
There's a rehearsal, sir, exact at one.—
'Oh! but a wit can study in the streets,
And raise his mind above the mob he meets.'

[4] See note [7], p. 22, and note [2], p. 27.

Not quite so well, however, as one ought:
A hackney coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two aldermen dispute it with an ass?
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
E'en to their own s-r-v-rence in a car?
Go, lofty poet, and in such a crowd
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run
To ease and silence every Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort
Would drink and dose at Tooting or Earl's-court.[5]
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar? [before?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd
The man who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years complete,
See! strew'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
He walks an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute; some statue you would swear
Stept from its pedestal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors,
Shall I, in London, act this idle part,
Composing songs for fools to get by heart?
The Temple late two brother sergeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law;

[5] Two villages near London.

With equal talents these congenial souls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray[6] as a wit,
'Twas, 'Sir, your law'—and 'Sir, your eloquence,'
'Your's Cowper's manner'—and 'Your's Talbot's sense.'
Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
Your's Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakespeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut through Merlin's cave,[7] to see
No poets there but Stephen,[8] you, and me.
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.
'My dear Tibullus! (if that will not do)
Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,
And you shall rise up Otway for your pains.'
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wronghead, rhyming race;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite,
To court applause by printing what I write:
But let the fit pass o'er; I'm wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.
In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect;

[6] Afterwards Lord Mansfield.
[7] See note [1], p. 69.
[8] Stephen Duck.

'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
Each, prais'd within, is happy all day long:
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men who write such verse as we can read?
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay, though at court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and, sometimes in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words, that long have slept, to wake,
Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake;
Or bid the new be English ages hence;
(For use will father what's begot by sense)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line;
Then polish all with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please;
'But ease in writing flows from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.'[9]

If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.

[9] Essay on Criticism, vol. i. p. 17.

There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a lord;
Who, though the house was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this a man of sober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell,
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they
Whereat the gentleman began to stare— [cur'd;
'My friends! (he cried) pox take you for your care!
That from a patriot of distinguish'd note
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote.'

Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:
Wisdom (curse on it!) will come soon or late.
There is a time when poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:
To rules of poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind,
Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul.

Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropt before;
Thoughts which at Hyde-park Corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me in the pensive grot:
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart:

If, when the more you drink the more you crave,
You tell the doctor; when the more you have

The more you want, why not, with equal ease,
Confess as well your folly as disease?
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
'Men only feel the smart, but not the vice.'
When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:
When servile chaplains[1] cry, that birth and place
Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty D—! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatterers preach.
Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D— lov'd sixpence more than he.
If there be truth in law, and use can give
A property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court,[2] if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
All Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,
His venison too, a guinea makes your own;
He bought at thousands what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit:
Now, or long since, what difference will be found,
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,

[1] An allusion to a dedication by Dr. Kennet to the Duke of Devonshire, to whom he was chaplain.

[2] A farm over against Hampton Court.

Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln Fen,
Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy every pullet they afford to eat;
Yet these are wights who fondly call their own
Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity should stand:
Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's power,
Loose on the point of every wavering hour,
Ready by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man? and for ever? wretch! what wouldst thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vast possessions, (just the same the case
Whether you call them villa, park, or chase,)
Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale;
Let rising granaries and temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids, appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Enclose whole downs in walls; 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.
Gold, silver, ivory, vases sculptur'd high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye,
There are who have not—and, thank Heaven, there are
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find

Two of a face as soon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips,[3] and all Grosvenor's mines:
Why one, like Bu—,[4] with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on in court and parliament;
One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe,[5] from pole to pole;
Is known alone to that directing Power
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us still,
Inclines our action, not constrains our will:
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great end the same.

Yes, sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place;
But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free or frugal I shall pass my days;
I who at sometimes spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing, madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more;

[3] Lord Townshend, Secretary to George the First and Second, on retiring from public life, amused himself with agriculture: he was fond of talking about his turnips.

[4] Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe.

[5] General Oglethorpe, distinguished for his settlement of the colony in Georgia, and his military exploits.

Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away.
What is't to me (a passenger, God wot,)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.
I neither strut with every favouring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth;
In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.
'But why all this of avarice? I have none.'
I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone:
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the avarice of power?
Does neither rage inflame nor fear appal?
Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birthday with a grateful mind?
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend! your business done,
When of a hundred thorns you pull out one?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and ate, and drank your fill.

Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

THE FIRST ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF HORACE.

TO VENUS.

Again? new tumults in my breast?
Ah, spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle reign of my queen Anne.
Ah! sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.
Mother too fierce of dear desires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires:
To number five direct your doves,
There spread round Murray[1] all your blooming loves;
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With every sprightly, every decent part;
Equal the injur'd to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend:
He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
To him each rival shall submit,

[1] Afterwards Lord Mansfield.

Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face:
His house, embosom'd in the grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
Thither the silver sounding lyres
Shall call the smiling loves and young desires;
There every grace and muse shall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The still believing, still renew'd desire:
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
But why? ah! tell me, ah! too dear,
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dress'd in fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow through th' extended dream;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah, cruel!) from my arms,
And swiftly shoot along the mall,
Or softly glide by the canal;
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

THE NINTH ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF HORACE.

A FRAGMENT.

Lest you should think that verse shall die
  Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of truth to fly
  Above the reach of vulgar song;

Though daring Milton sits sublime,
  In Spenser native muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
  Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and chiefs long since had birth
  Ere Cæsar was or Newton nam'd;
These rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
  And those new heavens and systems fram'd.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died.
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead.

SATIRES OF DR. JOHN DONNE, DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucilî scripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? HOR.

SATIRE II.

Yes, thank my stars! as early as I knew
This town, I had the sense to hate it too;
Yet here, as e'en in hell, there must be still
One giant vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside one pities, not abhors;
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.
I grant that poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) th'excise and army in:
Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving, all allow.
Yet like the papist's is the poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts and saves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of some carv'd organ move,

The gilded puppets dance and mount above:
Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow;
Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below.

One sings the fair; but songs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's spite the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.

These write to lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat:
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched, indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit:
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
Sense pass'd through him no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs,
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears.
E'en those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence,
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:

Time, that at last matures a clap to pox;
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an attorney of an ass.
No young divine, new benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
What further could I wish the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
Pierce the soft labyrinth of a lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year?*
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime twigs, for rich widows' hearts;
Call himself barrister to every wench,
And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language which Boreas might to Auster hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they scold
Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain,
Paltry and proud as drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis such a bounty as was never known,
If Peter[1] deigns to help you to your own.
What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
And what a solemn face if he denies!
Grave, as when prisoners shake the head, and swear
'Twas only suretyship that brought them there.
His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
For not in chariots Peter puts his trust:

[1] See note [2] vol. ii. p. 121.

For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
And lies to every lord in every thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters[2] e'en to godly **.
Not more of simony beneath black gowns,
Nor more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
In shillings and in pence at first they deal,
And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
Till like the sea, they compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand;
And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
Or when a duke to Jansen punts at White's,
Or city heir in mortgage melts away,
Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate;
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, covenants, articles, they draw,
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are;
So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
But let them write, for you each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dexterously omits *ses heires:*
No commentator can more slily pass
O'er a learn'd unintelligible place;

[2] See note [1] vol. ii. p. 117.

Or in quotation shrewd divines leave out
Those words that would against them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Paternoster long,
When doom'd to say his beads and evensong;
But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the Power and Glory clause.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground?
We see no new built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
Where are those troops of poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door?
Well, I could wish that still, in lordly domes,
Some beasts were kill'd, though not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts and fulsome bacchanals;
And all mankind might that just mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve:
These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But, oh! these works are not in fashion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've said, I trust without offence;
Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly informer watch, these words to draw
Within the reach of treason or the law.

SATIRE IV.

Well, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
I've had my purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t' admire or be admir'd:
I hop'd for no commission from his grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verses nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court!—the devil would have it so.
But as the fool that in reforming days
Would go to mass in jest (as story says)
Could not but think to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false as they
Who live at court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;

Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
A verier monster than on Afric's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore, [tain,
Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves con-
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night would swear him dropp'd out of the moon:
One whom the mob, when next we find or make
A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take,
And the wise justice, starting from his chair,
Cry, by your priesthood, tell me what you are?
Such was the wight: th' apparel on his back,
Though coarse, was reverend, and though bare, was black:
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
Was velvet in the youth of good queen Bess,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd:
So time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.
This thing has travell'd, speaks each language
And knows what's fit for every state to do; [too,
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux[1] I knew,
Henley[2] himself I've heard, and Budgell[3] too,

[1] See *Dunciad*, B. ii. v. 412.
[2] See note [6], p. 5.
[3] See note on *Dunciad*, B. ii. v. 397.

The doctor's wormword style, the hash of tongues
A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,[4]
The whole artillery of the terms of war,
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar:
These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil
Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil:
A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
With royal favourites in flattery vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.

He spies me out; I whisper, gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me!
Permit, he cries, no stranger to your fame,
To crave your sentiment, if * * * 's your name.
What speech esteem you most? 'The king's,' said I.
But the best words?—'O, sir, the dictionary.'
You miss my aim; I mean the most acute,
And perfect speaker?—'Onslow, past dispute.'
But, sir, of writers?—'Swift for closer style,
But Hoadly for a period of a mile.'
Why, yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass;
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was;
Nay, troth, th' Apostles (though perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
Affirm 'twas travel made them what they were.

Thus others' talents having nicely shown,

[4] Sir John Gonson, a police magistrate.

He came by sure transition to his own;
Till I cried out, ‘ You prove yourself so able,
Pity you was not druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the tower had stood.’
‘ Obliging sir! for courts you sure were made,
Why then for ever buried in the shade?
Spirits like you should see and should be seen;
The king would smile on you—at least the queen.’
‘ Ah, gentle sir! you courtiers so cajole us—
But Tully has it *Nunquam minus solus:*
And as for courts, forgive me if I say
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:
Though in his pictures lust be full display'd,
Few are the converts Aretine has made;
And though the court show vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.’
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies;
‘ Oh! 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!’
‘ Then, happy man who shows the tombs! (said I)
He dwells amidst the royal family;
He every day from king to king can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,
And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, ease and bread.’—
‘ Lord, sir, a mere mechanic! strangely low,
And coarse of phrase—your English all are so.
How elegant your Frenchmen!’—‘ Mine, d'ye mean?

I have but one; I hope the fellow's clean.'
'O, sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
Your only wearing is your paduasoy.'
'Not, sir, my only; I have better still,
And this you see is but my dishabille.'—
Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke:
But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
You only make the matter worse and worse.
He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, 'What news?' I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas.
He hears, and as a still, with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives stays half a minute,
Loath to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little and by little drops his lies.
Mere household trash! of birthnights, balls, and shows,
More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stows.
When the queen frown'd or smil'd he knows, and what
A subtle minister may make of that:
Who sins, with whom: who got his pension rug,
Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug:
Whose place is quarter'd out three parts in four,
And whether to a bishop or a whore:
Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,

Is therefore fit to have a government:
Who, in the secret, deals in stocks secure,
And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor:
Who makes a trust of charity a job,
And gets an act of parliament to rob:
Why turnpikes rise, and how no cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country or the town:
Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
But some excising courtier will have toll:
He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
And last (which proves him wiser still than all)
What lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients,[5] sick, and sore,
I puke, I nauseate—yet he thrusts in more;
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
And talks gazettes and postboys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;
Swears every place entail'd for years to come,
In sure succession to the day of doom:
He names the price for every office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill because delay'd:
Nay, hints 'tis by connivance of the court
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port.
Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests

[5] An allusion to the effects of his use of oils in bilious complaints.

To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wise
Already half-turn'd traitor by surprise.
I felt th' infection slide from him to me,
As in the pox some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our giant statutes ope its jaw.
In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and, still afraid to see
All the court fill'd with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, some god! Oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense,
Where contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
There sober thought pursued th' amusing theme,
Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream:
A vision hermits can to hell transport,
And forc'd e'en me to see the damn'd at court.
Not Dante, dreaming all th' infernal state,
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free,
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me:
Shall I, the terror of this sinful town,

Care if a liveried lord or smile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble serving man?
O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puft nobility?
Thou who, since yesterday, hast roll'd o'er all
The busy idle blockheads of the ball,
Hast thou, oh sun! beheld an emptier sort
Than such as swell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on those who show a court in wax![6]
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs;
Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen noses, stately staring things—
No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.

See! where the British youth, engag'd no more
At Fig's, at White's,[7] with felons, or a whore,
Pay their last duty to the court, and come
All fresh and fragrant to the drawing room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
'That's velvet for a king!' the flatterer swears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be king Lear's.
Our court may justly to our stage give rules,
That helps it both to fools' coats and to fools.
And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes?
For these are actors too as well as those.

[6] A show of the Court of France in wax-work.

[7] Fig's was a prize-fighter's academy, White's, a gaming-house.

Wants reach all states; they beg but better drest,
And all is splendid poverty at best.
Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineal,
Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a vessel and so rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim:
He boarding her, she striking sail to him.
'Dear countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!'
And, 'Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!'
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'Twould burst e'en Heraclitus with the spleen
To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin:
The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pagod.
See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw:
But oh! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey tails that wag behind their head!
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
So first to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes,
With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immaculate trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.

Let but the ladies smile, and they are blest:
Prodigious! how the things protest, protest.
Peace, fools! or Gonson[8] will for papists seize you,
If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu!
Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.
But here's the captain that will plague them both;
Whose air cries, arm! whose very look's an oath.
The captain's honest, sirs, and that's enough,
Though his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
He spits foreright; his haughty chest before,
Like battering rams, beats open every door;
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from jails to execution go;
For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
And lin'd with giants deadlier than them all:
Each man an Askapart, of strength to toss,
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
Scar'd at the grisly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.
Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
Charge them with heaven's artillery, bold divine;

[8] See note [4] p. 94.

From such alone the great rebukes endure,
Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears.
Howe'er, what's now apocrypha, my wit,
In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES. WRITTEN IN 1738.

DIALOGUE I.

Fr. Not twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
And when it comes, the court see nothing in't:
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.
Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said 'Tories call'd him whig, and whigs a tory;'
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
'To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter.'
But Horace, sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo[1] observes, he lash'd no sort of vice:
Horace would say, Sir Billy[2] serv'd the crown,

[1] Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe.

[2] Sir William Young, who was frequently employed to make long speeches in the House till the minister's friends were gathered together.

Blunt[3] could do business, Higgins[4] knew the town;
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex,
In reverend bishops note some small neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,[5]
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the king.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at court, and make Augustus smile:
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.
But, 'faith, your very friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are who wish you'd jest no more—
And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir Robert[6]—

P. See Sir Robert!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come;
Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill exchang'd for power;
Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only difference is—I dare laugh out.

[3] See note [4] vol. ii. p. 122.

[4] Gaoler of the Fleet prison, enriched himself by exactions, for which he was tried and dismissed from his office.

[5] The captain of a Spanish ship is said to have cut off the ears of the captain of an English ship, named Jenkins, bidding him carry them home to the king his master.

[6] Sir Robert Walpole.

Fr. Why, yes: with scripture still you may be free;
A horselaugh, if you please, at honesty;
A joke on Jekyl,[7] or some odd old Whig,
Who never chang'd his principle or wig:
A patriot is a fool in every age,
Whom all lord chamberlains allow the stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue as they will.
If any ask you, 'Who's the man so near
His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?'
Why, answer, Lyttelton! and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage;
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in lord Fanny's case.
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury,
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest,
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue balance all again.
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

[7] Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true whig, and a man of perfect probity: he sometimes voted against the court.

P. Dear sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmless characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborne's wit![8]
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Young![9]
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well whipt cream of courtly sense;
The first was H**vy's, F**'s next, and then
The S**te's, and then H**vy's once again.
O come! that easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, though the pride of Middleton and Bland,[1]
All boys may read, and girls may understand!
Then might I sing without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the nation's sense;
Or teach the melancholy muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
All parts perform'd, and all her children blest![2]
So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No gazetteer more innocent than I—
And let, a God's name! every fool and knave
Be grac'd through life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why so? if satire knows its time and place,

[8] See note [6] p. 5, and note on *Dunciad*, B. ii. v. 312.

[9] See notes [1] and [2] p. 102.

[1] Dr. Middleton, the well known author of the *Life of Cicero;* Dr. Bland, Master of Eton College.

[2] See *Memoir* prefixed to these volumes, p. cxiii.

You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace;
For merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all satire in all changes spare
Immortal S**k,[3] and grave De***re.
Silent and soft, as saints remove to Heaven,
All ties dissolv'd, and every sin forgiven,
These may some gentle ministerial wing
Receive, and place for ever near a king!
There where no passion, pride, or shame transport,
Lull'd with the sweet nepenthe of a court;
There where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
Once break their rest, or stir them from their place;
But past the sense of human miseries,
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a question or a job.

P. Good heaven forbid that I should blast their glory,
Who know how like whig ministers to tory,
And when three sovereigns died could scarce be vext,
Considering what a gracious prince was next.
Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings?
And at a peer or peeress shall I fret,
Who starves a sister or forswears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of vice be lost?

[3] Selkirk.

Ye gods! shall Cibber's son,[4] without rebuke,
Swear like a lord; or Rich[5] outwhore a duke?
A favourite's porter with his master vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his grace, a will?
Is it for Bond[6] or Peter[7] (paltry things)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
If Blount[8] dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
And so mayst thou, illustrious Passeran![9]
But shall a printer,[1] weary of his life,
Learn from their books to hang himself and wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice thus abus'd demands a nation's care;
This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.
Let modest Foster,[2] if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well;
A simple quaker, or a quaker's wife,[3]

[4] Theophilus Cibber.

[5] Manager of Covent Garden Theatre.

[6] See note [1] vol. ii. p. 120.

[7] See note [2] vol. ii. p. 121.

[8] Charles Blount, author of *The Oracles of Reason*, &c.

[9] A nobleman of Piedmont, author of *A Philosophical Discourse on Death*, who was banished from his country for his impieties.

[1] Richard Smith: see *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1732.

[2] An eloquent preacher, and author of a Defence of Christianity against Tindal.

[3] Mrs. Drummond, famous in her day.

Outdo Landaff in doctrine—yea, in life:
Let humble Allen,[4] with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to virtue and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's still the same belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth;
But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more:
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the gospel is, and hers the laws;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale virtue carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all liveried o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance! behind her crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,
That not to be corrupted is the shame.
In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in power,
'Tis avarice all, ambition is no more!

[4] See *Memoir* prefixed to these volumes, p. cxi.

See all our nobles begging to be slaves!
See all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law:
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
'Nothing is sacred now but villany.'
Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Show there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

Fr. 'Tis all a libel—Paxton,[1] sir, will say.
P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cause I print to-day.
How should I fret to mangle every line
In reverence to the sins of Thirty-nine!
Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.
F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;
E'en Guthry[2] saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

[1] Solicitor to the Treasury.

[2] Ordinary of Newgate, who published memoirs of the malefactors, and often, out of regard to their reputation, set down only the initial letters of their names.

P. How, sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice?
Come on then, satire! general, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!
Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall! [who?
Ye reverend atheists! *F.* Scandal! name them,
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt,
I never nam'd; the town's inquiring yet.
The poisoning dame—*F.* You mean—*P.* I don't.
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman—*F.* Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd elector—*F.* There you stoop too low.
P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what.
Tell me; which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escap'd the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop, may I name a dean?
F. A dean, sir? no: his fortune is not made;
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.
P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud satire! tho' a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;[3]

[3] Jonathan Wild.

Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.
But, sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice:
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great?
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better sure it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God!) have plums;
Still better ministers, or if the thing
May pinch e'en there—why, lay it on a king.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must satire then nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obsolete example fears?
E'en Peter[4] trembles only for his ears.

F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
You make men desperate, if they once are bad,
Else might he take to virtue some years hence—

P. As S**k; if he lives, will love the prince.

F. Strange spleen to S**k!

P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows I praise a courtier where I can.
When I confess there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough name?

[4] The year before this was written, Peter had narrowly escaped the pillory for forgery. See note [2] vol. ii. p. 121.

Pleas'd let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove,
(Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love)
The scene, the master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!
E'en in a bishop I can spy desert;
Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart;
Manners with candour are to Benson given,
To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.
But does the court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love:
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline.
Thus Somers once and Halifax were mine.
Oft in the clear still mirror of retreat
I studied Shrewsbury, the wise and great:
Carleton's calm sense and Stanhope's noble flame
Compar'd, and knew their generous end the same:
How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd, in the Tower!
How can I Pulteney, Chesterfield, forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and attic wit?
Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field?
Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions and his own?
Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their train;
And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say,—no follower, but a friend.
Yet think not friendship only prompts my lays;

I follow Virtue; where she shines I praise,
Point she to priest or elder, whig or tory,
Or round a quaker's beaver cast a glory.
I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Din'd with the Man of Ross[5] or my Lord Mayor.[6]
Some in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
Have still a secret bias to a knave:
To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
F. Then why so few commended?
P. Not so fierce;
Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.
But random praise—the task can ne'er be done;
Each mother asks it for her booby son;
Each widow asks it for the best of men,
For him she weeps, for him she weds again.
Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground;
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the greatest of these days
To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend?
What Richelieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
No power the Muse's friendship can command;
No power, when virtue claims it, can withstand.
To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line;
O let my country's friends illumine mine!

[5] See note [4] vol. ii. p. 126.

[6] Sir John Barnard: see note [2] p. 43.

—What are you thinking? *F.* Faith, the thought's no sin;
I think your friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
Is that too little? come, then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnall![7] aid me while I lie:
Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,
And Lyttelton a dark designing knave,
St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.
But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?
Why rail they then if but a wreath of mine,
Oh, all-accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine?
What! shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton[8] gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend
To break my windows[9] if I treat a friend;
Then wisely plead to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure if I spare the minister, no rules

[7] See note on *Dunciad*, B. ii. v. 315.

[8] See note [1] p. 109.

[9] They were broken one day while Lords Bathurst and Bolingbroke were dining with him at Twickenham.

Of honour bind me not to maul his tools;
Sure if they cannot cut, it may be said
His saws are toothless, and his hatchet's lead.
It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay;
But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave,
The prudent general turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest;
Which not at present having time to do—
F. Hold, sir! for God's sake; where's th' affront to you?
Against your worship when had S**k[1] writ?
Or P*ge[2] pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend
[In power a servant, out of power a friend][3]
To W**le[4] guilty of some venial sin,
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The priest[5] whose flattery bedropp'd the crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.
And how did, pray, the florid youth[6] offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?
P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame,

[1] Sherlock. [2] Judge Page: see note [9] p. 23.

[3] A line in an Epistle to Sir Robert Walpole by Lord Melcombe.

[4] Walpole.

[5] Dr. Alured Clarke, who wrote a panegyric on Queen Caroline.

[6] Lord Hervey, who used to paint himself: see note [9] p. 13.

Since the whole house did afterwards the same.
Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly:
If one, through nature's bounty or his lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
From tail to mouth they feed and they carouse;
The last full fairly gives it to the house.

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line,
Quite turns my stomach—*P.* So does flattery mine;
And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet,[7] 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read;
In all the courts of Pindus, guiltless quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the deed he forg'd was not my own?
Must never patriot then declaim at gin
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in;
No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse
Without a staring reason on his brows?
And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult's not on man but God?

Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.

[7] See note [8] vol. ii. p. 120.

When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence,
Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.
F. You're strangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no slave;
So impudent, I own myself no knave;
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men, not afraid of God, afraid of me;
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.
O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but heaven-directed hands denied,
The muse may give thee, but the gods must guide;
Reverent I touch thee! but with honest zeal,
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate, slumbering in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
The muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his grace preaches, all his lordship sings,
All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings;
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last gazette, or the last address.

When black ambition stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad vainglory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,
Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.

Not so when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from virtue's shrine,
Her priestess muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of eternity.
There other trophies deck the truly brave
Than such as Anstis[8] casts into the grave;
Far other stars than * * * and * * *[9] wear,
And may descend to Mordington from Stair;
(Such as on Hough's[1] unsullied mitre shine,
Or beam, good Digby! from a heart like thine)
Let envy howl, while heaven's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let flattery sickening see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law.
Here, last of Britons; let your names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praise the dead;
And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
Fall by the votes of their degenerate line.

F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Essays on Man.

[8] See note [4] p. 50.
[9] Kent and Grafton.
[1] Bishop of Worcester.

ON RECEIVING FROM THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.[1]

YES, I beheld th' Athenian queen
Descend in all her sober charms;
'And take (she said, and smil'd serene),
Take at this hand celestial arms:

Secure the radiant weapons wield;
This golden lance shall guard desert,
And if a vice dares keep the field,
This steel shall stab it to the heart.'

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the sky,
And dipp'd them in the sable well,
The fount of fame or infamy.

'What well? what weapon? (Flavia cries)
A standish, steel, and golden pen!
It came from Bertrand's,[2] not the skies;
I gave it you to write again.

[1] These lines were occasioned by the poet's being threatened with a prosecution in the House of Lords, for writing the two foregoing Dialogues.

[2] A toy-shop at Bath.

'But, friend, take heed whom you attack;
You'll bring a house (I mean of peers)
Red, blue, and green, nay, white and black,
L** and all about your ears.

'You'd write as smooth again on glass,
And run on ivory so glib,
As not to stick at fool or ass,
Nor stop at flattery or fib.

'Athenian queen! and sober charms!
I tell ye, fool! there's nothing in't:
'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

'Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
I'll list you in the harmless roll
Of those that sing of these poor eyes.'

Celia, we know, is sixty-five,
Yet Celia's face is seventeen;
Thus winter in her breast must live,
While summer in her face is seen.

How cruel Celia's fate! who hence
Our heart's devotion cannot try;
Too pretty for our reverence,
Too ancient for our gallantry.

1740. A POEM.[1]

O WRETCHED B · · ·,[2] jealous now of all,
What god, what mortal shall prevent thy fall?
Turn, turn thy eyes from wicked men in place,
And see what succour from the patriot race.
C · · ·,[3] his own proud dupe, thinks monarchs things
Made just for him, as other fools for kings;
Controls, decides, insults thee every hour,
And antedates the hatred due to power.
Through clouds of passion P · ·'s[4] views are clear;

[1] "I shall here," says Dr. Warton, "present the reader with a valuable literary curiosity, a Fragment of an unpublished Satire of Pope, entitled, *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty;* communicated to me by the kindness of the learned and worthy Dr. Wilson, formerly fellow and librarian of Trinity College, Dublin; who speaks of the Fragment in the following terms:

"'This poem I transcribed from a rough draft in Pope's own hand. He left many blanks for fear of the Argus eye of those who, if they cannot find, can fabricate treason; yet, 'spite of his precaution, it fell into the hands of his enemies. To the hieroglyphics there are direct allusions, I think, in some of the notes on the Dunciad. It was lent me by a grandson of Lord Chetwynd, an intimate friend of the famous Lord Bolingbroke, who gratified his curiosity by a boxful of the rubbish and sweepings of Pope's study, whose executor he was, in conjunction with Lord Marchmont.'" But see *Memoir* prefixed to these volumes, p. cxiv.

[2] Britain. [3] Cobham. [4] Pulteney's.

He foams a patriot to subside a peer;
Impatient sees his country bought and sold,
And damns the market where he takes no gold.
Grave, righteous S··[1] jogs on till, past belief,
He finds himself companion with a thief.
To purge and let thee blood with fire and sword,
Is all the help stern S··[2] would afford.
That those who bind and rob thee would not kill,
Good C··[3] hopes, and candidly sits still.
Of Ch··s W··[4] who speaks at all,
No more than of Sir Har·y or Sir P··.[5]
Whose names once up, they thought it was not wrong
To lie in bed, but sure they lay too long.
G··r, C··m, B··t,[6] pay thee due regards,
Unless the ladies bid them mind their cards.
with wit that must
And C···d[7] who speaks so well and writes,
Whom (saving W.) every S. *harper bites*,
must needs
Whose wit and ..... equally provoke one,
Finds thee, at best, the butt to crack his joke on.
As for the rest, each winter up they run,
And all are clear, and something must be done.

[1] Sandys. [2] Shippen.
[3] Perhaps the Earl of Carlisle.
[4] Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.
[5] Sir Henry Oxenden and Sir Paul Methuen.
[6] Lords Gower, Cobham, and Bathurst.
[7] Lord Chesterfield.

Then urged by C··t,[1] or by C··t stopp'd,
Inflamed by P··,[2] and by P·· dropp'd;
They follow reverently each wondrous wight,
Amazed that one can read, that one can write:
So geese to gander prone obedience keep,
Hiss if he hiss, and if he slumber, sleep.
Till having done whate'er was fit or fine,
Utter'd a speech, and ask'd their friends to dine;
Each hurries back to his paternal ground,
Content but for five shillings in the pound,
Yearly defeated, yearly hopes they give,
And all agree Sir Robert cannot live.

Rise, rise, great W··,[3] fated to appear,
Spite of thyself a glorious minister!
Speak the loud language princes ....
And treat with half the .....
At length to B·· kind, as to thy ....
Espouse the nation, you .....
What can thy H··[4].....
Dress in Dutch .....
Though still he travels on no bad pretence,
To show .....
Or those foul copies of thy face and tongue,
Veracious W···[5] and frontless Young;[6]

[1] Lord Carteret.
[2] William Pulteney, created in 1742 Earl of Bath.
[3] Walpole.
[4] Either Sir Robert's brother Horace, who had just quitted his embassy at the Hague, or his son Horace, who was then on his travels.
[5] W. Winnington.
[6] Sir William Young.

Sagacious Bub,[1] so late a friend, and there
So late a foe, yet more sagacious H···?[2]
Hervey and Hervey's school, F··, H··y,[3] H··n,[4]
Yea, moral Ebor,[5] or religious Winton.
How! what can O··w,[6] what can D··.
The wisdom of the one and other chair,
N···[7] laugh, or D··s[8] sager,
Or thy dread truncheon M··'s[9] mighty peer?
What help from J···'s[10] opiates canst thou draw,
Or H··k's[11] quibbles voted into law?
C.[12] that Roman in his nose alone,
Who hears all causes, B··,[13] but thy own,
Or those proud fools whom nature, rank, and fate
Made fit companions for the sword of state.
Can the light packhorse, or the heavy steer,
The sowzing prelate, or the sweating peer,
Drag out with all its dirt and all its weight,
The lumbering carriage of thy broken state?

[1] Dodington.
[2] Probably Hare, Bishop of Chichester.
[3] Fox and Henley. [4] Hinton.
[5] Blackburn, Archbishop of York, and Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester.
[6] Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, and the Earl of Delawar, Chairman of the Committees of the House of Lords.
[7] Newcastle.
[8] Dorset; perhaps the last word should be *sneer*.
[9] Duke of Marlborough. [10] Jekyll. [11] Hardwick.
[12] Probably Sir John Cummins, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.
[13] Britain.

Alas! the people curse, the carman swears,
The drivers quarrel, and the master stares.
The plague is on thee, Britain, and who tries
To save thee, in the infectious office *dies*.
The first firm P··y soon resign'd his breath,
Brave S··w[1] loved thee, and was lied to death.
Good M··m··t's[2] fate tore P··th[3] from thy side,
And thy last sigh was heard when W··m[4] died.
Thy nobles sl··s,[5] thy se··s[6] bought with gold,
Thy clergy perjured, thy whole people sold.
An atheist ⌣ a ⊕‴'s ad.....[7]
Blotch thee all o'er, and sink.....
Alas! on one alone our all relies,
Let him be honest, and he must be wise,
Let him no trifler from his school,
Nor like his.....still a ....
Be but a man! unminister'd, alone,
And free at once the senate and the throne;
Esteem the public love his best supply,
A ☉'s[8] true glory his integrity:
Rich *with* his.....*in* his.....strong,
Affect no conquest, but endure no wrong.
Whatever his religion[9] or his blood,
His public virtue makes his title good.
Europe's just balance and our own may stand,
And one man's honesty redeem the land.

[1] Earl of Scarborough. [2] Marchmont.
[3] Polwarth, son to Lord Marchmont.
[4] Wyndham. [5] Slaves. [6] Senates.
[7] Administration. [8] King's.
[9] An allusion perhaps to Frederick Prince of Wales.

THE FOURTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.[1]

Say, St. John, who alone peruse
With candid eye, the mimic muse,
What schemes of politics, or laws,
In Gallic lands the patriot draws!
Is then a greater work in hand,
Than all the tomes of Haines's band?
'Or shoots he folly as it flies?
Or catches manners as they rise?'
Or urged by unquench'd native heat,
Does St. John Greenwich sports repeat?
Where (emulous of Chartres' fame)
E'en Chartres' self is scarce a name.
To you (the all envied gift of heaven)
The indulgent gods, unask'd, have given
A form complete in every part,
And, to enjoy that gift, the art.
What could a tender mother's care
Wish better, to her favourite heir,
Than wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
A stock of health, and golden showers,
And graceful fluency of speech,
Precepts before unknown to teach?

[1] Attributed to Pope.

Amidst thy various ebbs of fear,
And gleaming hope, and black despair,
Yet let thy friend this truth impart,
A truth I tell with bleeding heart,
(In justice for your labours past)
That every day shall be your last;
That every hour you life renew
Is to your injur'd country due.
In spite of fears, of mercy spite,
My genius still must rail, and write.
Haste to thy Twickenham's safe retreat,
And mingle with the grumbling great;
There, half devour'd by spleen, you'll find
The rhyming bubbler of mankind;
There (objects of our mutual hate)
We'll ridicule both church and state.

A SERMON AGAINST ADULTERY;

BEING SOBER ADVICE FROM HORACE TO THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN ABOUT TOWN, AS DELIVERED IN HIS SECOND SERMON. IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF MR. POPE.[1]

TO ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

SIR,

I HAVE so great a trust in your indulgence towards me, as to believe you cannot but patronize this Imitation, so much in your own manner, and whose birth I may truly say is owing to you. In that confidence, I would not suppress the criticisms made upon it by the Reverend Doctor;[2] the rather, since he has promised to mend the faults in the next edition, with the same goodness he has practised to Milton. I hope you will believe that while I express my regard for you, it is only out of modesty I conceal my name; since, though perhaps I may not profess myself your admirer, so much as some others, I cannot but be, with as much inward respect, goodwill, and zeal, as any man,

Dear Sir, your most affectionate and
Faithful Servant.

[1] This imitation of the Second Satire of the First Book of Horace was certainly written by Pope. See *Memoir* prefixed to these volumes, p. c.

[2] The *Notæ Bentleianæ* are not reprinted in the present work.

A SERMON AGAINST ADULTERY;

BEING SOBER ADVICE FROM HORACE, ETC.

The tribe of templars, players, apothecaries,
Pimps, poets, wits, Lord Fanny's, Lady Mary's,
And all the court in tears, and half the town,
Lament dear charming Oldfield,[1] dead and gone!
Engaging Oldfield! who, with grace and ease,
Could join the arts, to ruin and to please.

Not so, who of ten thousand gull'd her knight,
Then ask'd ten thousand for a second night;
The gallant too, to whom she paid it down,
Liv'd to refuse that mistress half a crown.[2]

Con. Philips[3] cries, 'A sneaking dog I hate,'
That's all three lovers have for their estate!
'Treat on, treat on,' is her eternal note,
And lands and tenements go down her throat.
Some damn the jade, and some the cullies blame,
But not Sir H—t, for he does the same.

With all a woman's virtues but the pox,
Fufidia thrives in money, land, and stocks:
For interest, ten *per cent.* her constant rate is;
Her body! hopeful heirs may have it *gratis*.
She turns her very sister to a job,
And, in the happy minute, picks your fob;

[1] Mrs. Oldfield, the actress.

[2] An allusion to the Duchess of Cleveland and the Duke of Marlborough.

[3] Mrs. Constantia Philips, the actress.

Yet starves herself, so little her own friend,
And thirsts and hungers only at one end:
A self-tormentor, worse than (in the play)
The wretch, whose avarice drove his son away.
But why all this? beloved, 'tis my theme:
'Women and fools are always in extreme.'
Rufa's at either end a common shore,
Sweet Moll and Jack are civet cat and boar.
Nothing in nature is so lewd as Peg,
Yet for the world she would not show her leg!
While bashful Jenny, e'en at morning prayer,
Spreads her fore-buttocks to the navel bare.
But different taste in different men prevails,
And one is fir'd by heads, and one by tails;
Some feel no flames but at the court or ball,
And others hunt white aprons in the mall.
My Lord of Lo—n, chancing to remark
A noted Dean much busied in the park,
'Proceed (he cried), proceed, my reverend brother,
'Tis *fornicatio simplex*, and no other.
Better than lust for boys, with Pope and Turk,
Or others' spouses, like my Lord of ——.'[4]
May no such praise (cries J—s) e'er be mine,
J—s, who bows at Hi—sb—w's hoary shrine.
All you who think the city ne'er can thrive,
'Till every cuckold-maker's flay'd alive,
Attend, while I their miseries explain,
And pity men of pleasure still in pain!

[4] Cork.

Survey the pangs they bear, the risks they run,
Where the most lucky are but last undone.
See wretched Monsieur flies to save his throat,
And quits his mistress, money, ring, and note!
K—— of his footman's borrow'd livery stript,
By worthier footmen piss'd upon and whipt!
Plunder'd by thieves, or lawyers, which is worse,
One bleeds in person, and one bleeds in purse;
This meets a blanket, and that meets a cudgel—
And all applaud the justice—all, but Budgell.

How much more safe, dear countrymen! his state,
Who trades in frigates of the second rate?
And yet some care of S—st should be had,
Nothing so mean for which he can't run mad;
His wit confirms him but a slave the more,
And makes a princess whom he found a whore.
The youth might save much trouble and expense,
Were he a dupe of only common sense.
But here's his point! a wench (he cries) for me!
'I never touch a dame of quality.'

To P—l—r's bed no actress comes amiss,
He courts the whole *personæ dramatis:*
He too can say, 'With wives I never sin:'
But singing girls and mimics draw him in.
Sure, worthy sir, the difference is not great,
With whom you lose your credit and estate!
This, or that person, what avails to shun?
What's wrong is wrong, wherever it be done:
The ease, support, and lustre of your life,
Destroy'd alike with strumpet, maid, or wife.

What push'd poor E—s on th' imperial whore?
'Twas but to be where CHARLES had been before.
The fatal steel unjustly was applied,
When not his lust offended, but his pride:
Too hard a penance for defeated sin,
Himself shut out, and Jacob Hall[5] let in.

Suppose that honest part that rules us all
Should rise, and say—'Sir Robert! or Sir Paul!
Did I demand, in my most vigorous hour,
A thing descended from the Conqueror?
Or when my pulse beat highest, ask for any
Such nicety as Lady or Lord Fanny?'
What would you answer? could you have the face,
When the poor sufferer humbly mourn'd his case,
To cry, 'You weep the favours of her GRACE?'

Hath not indulgent nature spread a feast,
And given enough for man, enough for beast?
But man corrupt, perverse in all his ways,
In search of vanities from nature strays:
Yea, though the blessing's more than he can use,
Shuns the permitted, the forbid pursues!
Weigh well the cause from whence these evils spring,
'Tis in thyself, and not in God's good thing:
Then, lest repentance punish such a life,
Never, ah, never! kiss thy neighbour's wife.

First, silks and diamonds veil no finer shape,
Or plumper thigh, than lurk in humble crape:

[5] The Duchess of Cleveland was said to have been in love with Jacob Hall, the famous rope-dancer, and gave him a salary.

And secondly, how innocent a belle
Is she who shows what ware she has to sell;
Not lady-like, displays a milk-white breast,
And hides in sacred sluttishness the rest.
Our ancient kings (and sure those kings were wise,
Who judg'd themselves, and saw with their own [eyes),
A war-horse never for the service chose,
But ey'd him round, and stript off all the clothes;
For well they knew, proud trappings serve to hide
A heavy chest, thick neck, or heaving side.
But fools are ready chaps, agog to buy,
Let but a comely forehand strike the eye:
No eagle sharper, every charm to find,
To all defects, Ty——y not so blind:
Goose-rump'd, hawk-nos'd, swan-footed, is my dear,
They'll praise her elbow, heel, or tip o' th' ear.
A lady's face is all you see undress'd
(For none but Lady M—— show'd the rest);
But if to charms more latent you pretend,
What lines encompass, and what works defend!
Dangers on dangers! obstacles by dozens!
Spies, guardians, guests, old women, aunts, and cozens.
Could you directly to her person go,
Stays will obstruct above, and hoops below,
And if the dame says yes, the dress says no.
Not thus at Needham's;[6] your judicious eye
May measure there the breast, the hip, the thigh!

[6] Mrs. Needham was a notorious bawd.

And will you run to perils, sword, and law,
All for a thing you ne'er so much as saw?
'The hare once seiz'd, the hunter heeds no more
The little scut he so pursu'd before,
Love follows flying game (as Suckling sings),
And 'tis for that the wanton boy has wings.'
Why let him sing—but when you're in the wrong,
Think you to cure the mischief with a song?
Has nature set no bounds to wild desire?
No sense to guide, no reason to inquire
What solid happiness, what empty pride?
And what is best indulg'd, or best denied?
If neither gems adorn, nor silver tip
The flowing bowl, will you not wet your lip?
When sharp with hunger, scorn you to be fed,
Except on peachicks, at the Bedford-head?
Or when a tight, neat girl, will serve the turn,
In errant pride continue stiff, and burn?
I'm a plain man, whose maxim is profest,
'The thing at hand is of all things the best.'
But her who will, and then will not comply,
Whose word is *If*, *Perhaps*, and *By-and-by*,
Zounds! let some eunuch or platonic take——
So B——t cries, philosopher and rake!
Who asks no more (right reasonable peer)
Than not to wait too long, nor pay too dear.
Give me a willing nymph! 'tis all I care,
Extremely clean, and tolerably fair,
Her shape her own, whatever shape she have,
And just that white and red which nature gave.

Her I transported touch, transported view!
And call her Angel! Goddess! M——ue!
No furious husband thunders at the door;
No barking dog, no household in a roar;
From gleaming swords no shrieking women run;
No wretched wife cries out, Undone! Undone!
Seiz'd in the fact, and in her cuckold's power,
She kneels, she weeps, and worse! resigns her dower.
Me, naked me, to posts, to pumps they draw,
To shame eternal, or eternal law.
Oh love, be deep tranquillity my luck!
No mistress H—ysh—m near, no Lady B——ck!
For, to be taken, is the devil in hell;
This truth let L——l, J——ys, O——w tell.

EPITAPHS.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere. VIRG.

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM, SUSSEX.

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died.
The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state:

Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Bless'd satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
As show'd, vice had his hate and pity too.
Bless'd courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendships and his ease.
Bless'd peer! his great forefathers' every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL,

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE TO KING WILLIAM III.

Who, having resigned his Place, died in his Retirement at Easthamsted, in Berkshire, 1716.

A PLEASING form, a firm, yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a principle profest,
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest:
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too,
Just to his prince, and to his country true:
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from superstition free,
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny:
Such this man was, who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT,

At the Church of Stanton-Harcourt, Oxfordshire, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near;
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh, let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own!

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,
REGNI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS,
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ:
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XIV. MDCCXX.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

ON MR. ROWE.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Thy reliques, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakespeare place thy honour'd bust,
Oh, next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
And blest, that timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

To these, so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life!
The childless parent, and the widow'd wife,
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes and expects her own.

ON MRS. CORBET,

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST.

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
Bless'd with plain reason and with sober sense:
No conquest she but o'er herself desir'd,
No arts essay'd but not to be admir'd.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.

So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd;
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried;
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE

HON. R. DIGBY AND OF HIS SISTER MARY,

ERECTED BY THEIR FATHER LORD DIGBY,

In the Church of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, 1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom and pacific truth:
Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great:
Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of humankind!
Go live! for Heaven's eternal year is thine;
Go, and exalt thy mortal to divine.

And thou, bless'd maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hath follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse, receive;
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give!

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heaven, and not a master, taught,
Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,
Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1729.

HERE, Withers! rest; thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of humankind.
Oh born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O soft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age;
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

AT EASTHAMSTED, BERKS, 1730.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man;
A poet bless'd beyond the poet's fate, [great;
Whom heaven kept sacred from the proud and
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,
Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he died.

ON MR. GAY,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1732.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man; simplicity a child:
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted e'en among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust:
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—'*Here* lies Gay!'

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS,
QUEM IMMORTALEM
TESTANTUR TEMPUS, NATURA, CŒLUM:
MORTALEM
HOC MARMOR FATETUR.

NATURE and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, WHO DIED IN EXILE AT PARIS, 1732.

[His only daughter having expired in his arms immediately after she arrived in France to see him.]

DIALOGUE.

She. YES, we have liv'd—One pang, and then we part!
May heaven, dear father! now have all thy heart.
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.
He. Dear shade! I will:
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes—'Save my country, Heaven!' he said, and died.

ON EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

WHO DIED IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE, 1735.

If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And every opening virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state,
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approv'd;
The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet softer honours and less noisy fame
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
End in the milder merit of the heart;
And chiefs or sages long to Britain given,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to heaven.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Heroes and kings! your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

Under this marble, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they will;

Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not, a pin
What they said, or may say, of the mortal within;
But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in God that as well as he was he shall be.

ON TWO LOVERS STRUCK DEAD BY LIGHTNING.

When eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile their faithful fair expire;
Here pitying heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

Think not by rigorous judgment seiz'd,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure heaven saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate,
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

THE DUNCIAD.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER:

OCCASIONED BY THE FIRST CORRECT EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD.

It is with pleasure I hear that you have procured a correct copy of the Dunciad, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary; a work so requisite, that I cannot think the author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such Notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth than to him or any man living, engaged me

in inquiries of which the enclosed Notes are the fruit.

I perceived that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: nobody was either concerned or surprised if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce, but every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery; a stratagem which, would they fairly own it, might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that by them, which they cannot get from them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers; and some of them had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons, as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. Pope done before to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the

Dunciad. What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull; and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase, room in the prints to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his country: but when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers, I mean by authors without names; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who, for several years past, have made free with the greatest names in church and state, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women; and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one.

I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character), but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may, in some measure, prevent it, by preserving at least their titles,[1] and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

[1] See a list of them subjoined.

The first objection I have heard made to the poem is, that the persons are too obscure for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassinates, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of; law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are poor. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey for lesser crimes than defamation (for it is the case of almost all who are tried there), but sure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood; but poverty is here the accident, not the subject. He who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The apothecary in Romeo

and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals than in their writings; must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of a hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: it is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objecting, on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three who, by their rank and fortune, have no benefit from the former objec-

tions, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company: but if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked, they cannot, certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate, he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs: that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe

may be true, 'that he has a contempt for their writings:' and there is another which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, 'that his own have found too much success with the public.' But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains, what, in my opinion, might seem a better plea for these people than any they have made use of:—If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dulness, when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition; because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number, who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to those who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor, or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them, I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shown them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations.[2] But the resemblance holds in nothing more than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this. I dare answer for him he will do it

[2] Essay on Criticism, in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, counsellor and privy secretary to King George I. after by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris, 1728; and in Italian verse by the Abbé Conti, a noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, envoy extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and Dissertations on Homer, several times translated into French. Essay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, by Monsieur Silhouette, in prose, 1737; and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons; for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable; he has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them—I mean when out of power, or out of fashion.[3] A satire, therefore,

[3] As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the town declaimed against his book of poems; Mr. Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had resigned the office of secretary of state; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-sea year, and after his death: others only in Epitaphs.

on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused; namely, the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking, what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity to see all along that our author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) *vetustis dare novitatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam.* I am

Your most humble Servant,

WILLIAM CLELAND.[4]

St. James's, Dec. 22, 1728.

[4] This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the university of Utrecht with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the commissioners of the customs in Scotland, and then of taxes in England; in which having shown himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible (though without

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS PROLEGOMENA AND ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE DUNCIAD. WITH THE HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.

DENNIS, *Remarks on Prince Arthur.*

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad: nor is it an ill natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them a little the sooner of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

Character of Mr. P. 1716.

The persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings have been for the most part authors,

any other assistance of fortune), he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country: and yet, for all this, the public would never believe him to be the author of this Letter.

and most of those authors poets: and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, *Preface to his New Rehearsal.*

It is the common cry of the poetasters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an ill natured thing to expose the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with ill nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor.—The same will hold in the Republic of Letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

THEOBALD, *Letter to* MIST, *June* 22, 1728.

Attacks may be levelled either against failures in genius, or against the pretensions of writing without one.

CONCANEN, *Ded. to the Author of the Dunciad.*

A satire upon dulness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribbler!

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS CONCERNING OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS LECTORI S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable poem (drawn from the many volumes of our *adversaria* on modern authors), we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our poet; various, indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimonies of such eminent wits as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise, with incredible labour, seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never, at the distance of a few months, appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayst not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence, also, thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our author: in which, if I relate some things of little concern,

peradventure, to thee, and some of as little even to him, I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I, ever and anon, become tedious; allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill natured, modest or arrogant, as another whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We purposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education; but as to these, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith[1] he was educated at home; another,[2] that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third,[3] not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth,[4] that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home differ as much concerning his tutor: one saith[5] he was kept by his father on purpose; a second,[6] that he was an itinerant priest; a third,[7] that he was a parson; one[8]

[1] Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol. ii. in his Life.
[2] Dennis's Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, p. 4.
[3] Dunciad Dissected, p. 4. [4] Guardian, No. 40.
[5] Jacob's Lives, &c. Vol. II.
[6] Dunciad Dissected, p. 4.
[7] Farmer P. and his son.
[8] Dunciad Dissected.

calleth him a secular clergyman of the Church of Rome; another[9] a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom one[10] supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another,[11] a husbandman; another,[12] a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely, a demon: for thus Mr. Gildon,[13] 'Certain it is that his original is not from Adam, but the devil, and that he wanteth nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal father.' Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the Life of our poet till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works,

[9] Character of the Times, p. 45.

[10] Female Dunciad, p. ult.

[11] Dunciad Dissected.

[12] Roome, Paraphrase on the 4th of Genesis, printed 1729.

[13] Character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd), in the tenth page, declared Gildon to be author of that libel; though, in the subsequent editions of his Key, he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4 and 8) that it was written by Dennis only.

though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his Essay on Criticism, of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

'His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive; his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common.—Instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion.' And in another place: 'What rare numbers are here! would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and who, being p-xed by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepit age, which makes her hobble so damnably?'[14]

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian,

MR. OLDMIXON.

'I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criticism, in verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something new, which is not in Dryden's Prefaces, Dedications, and his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, not to mention the French

[14] Reflections critical and satirical on a Rhapsody, called An Essay on Criticism, printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery.'[15]

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

MR. LEONARD WELSTED,

who, out of great respect to our poet, not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the criticisms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth:[16] 'As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this groundwork, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert insipid heap of common-place. Horace has, even in his Art of Poetry, thrown out several things which plainly show he thought an Art of Poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one.'

To all which great authorities we can only oppose that of

MR. ADDISON.

[17]'The Art of Criticism,' saith he, 'which was published some months since, is a masterpiece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that

[15] Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of the critical History of England.

[16] Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.

[17] Spectator, No. 253.

methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Mons. Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the Preface to his Works; that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others; we have little else left us but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

'Longinus, in his Reflexions, has given us the

same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them: I cannot but take notice that our English Author has, after the same manner, exemplified several of the precepts in the very precepts themselves.' He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that 'There are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a masterpiece in its kind; the Essay on Translated Verse, the Essay on the Art of Poetry, and the Essay on Criticism.'

Of Windsor Forest, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

[18] 'That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John Denham: the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous.'

But the author of the Dispensary,

DR. GARTH,

in the Preface to his poem of Claremont,[19] differs from this opinion: 'Those who have seen these two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill and Windsor Forest, the one written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will show a great deal of candour if they approve of this.'

Of the Epistle of Eloisa, we are told by the

[18] Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717.

[19] Printed 1728, p. 12.

obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, 'That because Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the finest tastes, our author writ his Eloise in opposition to it, but forgot innocence and virtue: if you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value.' In which, methinks, his judgment resembles that of a French tailor on a villa and gardens by the Thames: 'All this is very fine; but take away the river, and it is good for nothing.'

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

MR. PRIOR

himself, saying, in his Alma,[20]

'O Abelard! ill fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth:
But well I weet thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless,' &c.

Come we now to his translation of the Iliad, celebrated by numerous pens; yet it shall suffice to mention the indefatigable

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, KNT.

who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this 'a laudable Translation.'[21]

[20] Alma, canto 2.

[21] In his Essays, vol. i. printed for E. Curl.

That ready writer,

MR. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it:[22] 'The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation:—I am in doubt whether I should most admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the sounding variety of the numbers; but when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, that he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty stone that two common men could not lift from the ground; just so one single person has performed, in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands.' Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his Essay on the Art of Sinking in Reputation, (printed in MIST'S JOURNAL, March 30, 1728) where he says thus: 'In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there), and pretend to do him into English, so his version denotes his neglect of the manner how.' Strange variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8,

'That this translation of the Iliad was not in all

[22] Censor, vol. ii. No. 33.

respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison; insomuch that he employed a younger muse in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself.' Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words:

MR. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, NO. 40.

'When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already most of their historians in our own tongue, and what is more for the honour of our language, it hath been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect epic performance; and those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem.'

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake; for this younger muse was an elder: nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it after him, since he saith himself that he did it before.[23] Contrariwise,

[23] Vide Preface to Mr. Tickel's translation of the First Book of the Iliad, 4to.

that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work, appeareth by declaration thereof in the Preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it as his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespeare on the stage: 'Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be MR. THEOBALD, MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728) publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of money) to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription.' Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same Journalist of June 8: 'The bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman did not share in the profits of this extravagant subscription.'

'After the Iliad, he undertook (saith MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728) the sequel of that work, the Odyssey; and having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed some underlings to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own hands.' To which heavy charge we can, in truth, oppose nothing but the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL FOR THE ODYSSEY,
(Printed for J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.)

'I take this occasion to declare, that the subscription for Shakespeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson: and that the benefit of this proposal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my friends, who have assisted me in this work.' But these very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in another of MIST'S JOURNALS, March 30, 1728, saying, 'That he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension of the whole.' Behold! these underlings are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said proposals were printed, the subscription was begun, without declaration of such assistance; verily those who set it on foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the right honourable the Lord Viscount Harcourt, were he living, would testify; and the right honourable the Lord Bathurst, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728.

'Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interest with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied, by that means, unusual contributions on the public.' Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad Dissected reporteth, 'Mr. Wycherley had before introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest peers and brightest wits then living.'

'No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and, what was still more heinous, made the scandal public.' Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness in his own cause; the person, in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea, any one gentleman whose subscription, Mr. Addison procured to our author, let him stand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons of integrity who, several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke, sent privately, in our author's own hand, to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own Journals and Curl had printed

the same. One name alone, which I am here authorised to declare, will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the right honourable the Earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality), to wit, plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint conceited

JAMES MOORE SMITH, GENT.

[24] 'Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

'These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiaries, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own lifetime, and out of a public print.' Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr. James Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, 'That these verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad.' He desires, nevertheless, that 'since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them,' &c. Surely if we add the testimonies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the

[24] Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq. and others, who knew them as our author's long before the said gentleman composed his play, it is hoped the ingenuous, that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of such honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other informer than the said

MR. JAMES MOORE SMITH.

[25] 'The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our religion and constitution, and who has been dead many years.' This seemeth also most untrue, it being known to divers that these Memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person's (Bishop Burnet) death, and many years before the appearance of that history of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who pressed Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse: but being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented

[25] Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.

himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the 'contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it.' This noble person is the Earl of Peterborough.

Here, in truth, should we crave pardon of all the aforesaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers, but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers, to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines:

[26] 'And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing.

[26] Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of Homer.

Unless I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend:
One moral, or a mere well natur'd deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed.'

So also is he deciphered by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

[27] 'Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou choose,
What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant Muse?
Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
Though every laurel through the dome be thine—
Go to the good and just, an awful train!
Thy soul's delight.'

Recorded in like manner, for his virtuous disposition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe:

[28] 'Oh! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays,
Add, that the Sisters every thought refine,
And e'en thy life be faultless as thy line;
Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
Views with just scorn the malice of mankind.'

The witty and moral satirist,

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue:

[29] 'Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muses' train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?

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[27] Poems prefixed to his Works.
[28] In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.
[29] Universal Passion, Sat. I.

MR. MALLET,

in his Epistle on Verbal Criticism:

'Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends his lays;
For wit supreme is but his second praise.'

MR. HAMMOND,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

'Now fir'd by Pope and virtue, leave the age,
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song.'

MR. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons:

'Although not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.'

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

MR. WILLIAM BROOME:

'Thus[30] nobly rising in fair virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws.'

And, to close all, hear the Reverend Dean of St. Patrick's:

'A soul with every virtue fraught,
By patriots, priests, and poets taught:
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells.
A genius for each business fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit,' &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other

[30] In his poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.

side, and showing his character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him; first, again commencing with the high-voiced and never-enough quoted

MR. JOHN DENNIS;

who, in his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, thus describeth him: 'A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, goodnature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands them with some defect which is just contrary to some good quality for which all their friends and their acquaintance commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to people of quality, and authors of that rank. He must derive his religion from St. Omer's.' —But in the Character of Mr. P. and his writings (printed by S. Popping, 1716), he saith, 'though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he laughs at it;' 'but that, nevertheless, he is a virulent Papist; and yet a pillar for the Church of England.' Of both which opinions

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in MIST'S JOURNAL of June 22, 1718, 'that, if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his business to cackle to both parties in their own sentiments.' But as to his pique against people of quality, the same Journalist doth not agree, but saith (May 8, 1728),

'He had, by some means or other, the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility.'

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, 'that he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions: he is a beast, and a man; a Whig and a Tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of Guardians and Examiners;[31] an assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a Jesuitical professor of truth; a base and a foul pretender to candour.' So that upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors whose wrath is perilous: for one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast:[32] another protests that he does not know what may happen; advises him to insure his person; says he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his life.[33] One desires he would cut his own throat, or hang himself.[34] But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the govern-

[31] The names of two weekly papers.
[32] Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22d, 1728.
[33] Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, pp. 14. 16.
[34] Gulliveriana, p. 332.

ment, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament then under prosecution.[35] Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom;[36] and assureth the public that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monster that will, one day, show as daring a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a-muck to kill the first Christian he meets.[37] Another gives information of treason discovered in his poem.[38] Mr. Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with kings and princesses;[39] and one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the two most sacred names in this nation as members of the Dunciad![40]

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange that, in the midst of these invectives, his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

MR. THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakespeare, declares, 'he has so great an esteem for Mr. Pope, and so high an

[35] Anno 1723. [36] Anno 1729.

[37] Preface to Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12, and in the last page of that treatise.

[38] Pages 6, 7, of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book entitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1714.

[39] Key to the Dunciad, 3d edition, p. 18.

[40] A List of Persons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

opinion of his genius and excellencies, that notwithstanding he professes a veneration almost rising to idolatry for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth even to do him justice at the expense of that other gentleman's character.'[41]

MR. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, 'that Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand; for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version than in that of Sir Car Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarce any thing truly and naturally written upon Love.'[42] He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challenges him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares 'the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer; and, saying there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, excepts this of our author only.'[43]

[41] Introduction to his Shakespeare Restored, in quarto, p. 3.

[42] Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, 8vo. 1721, pp. 97, 98.

[43] In his prose Essay on Criticism.

THE AUTHOR OF A LETTER TO MR. CIBBER

says,[44] 'Pope was so good a versifier [once] that his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal to any body's; and that he had all the merit that a man can have that way. And

MR. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out,

'But in his other works what beauties shine,
While sweetest music dwells in every line!
These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise,
And bade them live to brighten future days.'[45]

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell, in that poem,[46] which is wholly a satire on Mr. Pope, confesseth,

'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
(Tun'd justly high, or regularly low)
That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
Pope more than we can offer should receive:
For when some gliding river is his theme,
His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream,' &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728.

Although he says, 'the smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit;' yet that same paper hath these

[44] Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

[45] Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.

[46] Printed under the title of The Progress of Dulness, duodecimo, 1728.

words: 'the author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification. In all his works we find the most happy turns, and natural similes, wonderfully short and thick sown.'

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25, it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed by our Laureate,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who 'grants it to be a better poem of its kind than ever was writ:' but adds, 'it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer: a man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls! they had all been buried in oblivion.'[47] Here we see our excellent Laureate allows the justice of the satire on every man in it but himself, as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

MR. DENNIS AND MR. GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works (the forecited Character, p. 5.) do in concert[48] confess, 'that some men of good understanding value him for his rhymes.' And (p. 17.) 'That he has

[47] Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, pp. 9. 12.

[48] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place: 'As to my writing in concert with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in concert with any one

got, like Mr. Bays in the Rehearsal (that is, like Mr. Dryden), a notable knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse.'

Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

'Auspicious bard! while all admire thy strain,
All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain;
I, whom no bribe to servile flattery drew,
Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
Thy Muse sublime, significant, and clear,
Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear.'

---

man whatsoever: and these two letters from Gildon will plainly show that we are not writers in concert with each other.

Sir,

——The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour.

Sir,

I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves, &c.

CH. GILDON.

'Now is it not plain that any one who sends such compliments to another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them?' Dennis, Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

And

MR. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote[49] to the unknown author on the first publication of the said Essay: 'I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprised to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of weight any where, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner,' &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! 'A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the approbation this Essay meets with.[50]—I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had success infinitely beyond their merit.—This, though an empty, has been a popular scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him

[49] In a letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.

[50] Dennis, Preface to his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism.

reputation.[51]—If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and show all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness, and more squandered away upon one object than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men; the reader, to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature; would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centred in him alone.—But if I should venture to assure him that the people of England had made such a choice—the reader would either believe me a malicious enemy and slanderer, or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne's) ministry was designed by fate to encourage fools.'[52]

But it happens that this our poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer, of 200*l.* from King George I. and 100*l.* from the Prince and Princess.

However, lest we imagine our author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us

[51] Preface to his Remarks on Homer.

[52] Remarks on Homer, pp. 8, 9.

he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. Dennis[53] ascribes to him two Farces, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that there is not one jest in them; and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us it is much more execrable than all his works.[54] The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728, assures us, 'He is below Tom Durfey in the drama; because (as that writer thinks) the Marriage-Hater Matched, and the Boarding School, are better than the What-d'ye-call it;' which is not Mr. P's. but Mr. Gay's. Mr. Gildon assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48, 'that he was writing a play of the Lady Jane Gray;' but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, 'He wrote a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe;'[55] which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. Theobald assures us, in MIST of the 27th of April, 'That the treatise of the Profound is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it.' The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and says, 'the whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver.'[56] [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men, knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured, in MIST of June 8, 'That his

[53] Remarks on Homer, p. 8.
[54] Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.
[55] Ibid. p. 6.
[56] Gulliver, p. 336.

own plays and farces would better have adorned the Dunciad than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy.' Which, whether true or not, it is not easy to judge, in as much as he had attempted neither; unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abused, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: 'Now let any man judge (saith he) by this concern, who was the true mother of the child?'[57]

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy:[58] if he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public.[59] The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and

[57] Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 19.

[58] Burnet's Homerides, p. 1, of his Translation of the Iliad.

[59] The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyssey.

ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, and even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which had not, at one or other season, been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: if it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and, from the testimony of his very enemies, would affirm, that his capacity was boundless as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments; and that there was in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to choose whether thou wilt incline to the testimonies of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS OF THE POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the form, and (saith Horace) who adapted the measure, to heroic poesy. But even before this may be rationally presumed, from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer, composed of like nature and matter with this of our poet; for of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Eustathius, in Odyssey X. And accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetic, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssey gave an example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem that the hero, or chief personage of it, was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. Margites was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the first; and surely, from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him, was

properly and absolutely a Dunciad; which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear that the first Dunciad was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssey.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost; and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad! since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater epic. But possible it is also that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land: whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject

was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea, of his money, by such as would neither earn the one nor deserve the other. At the same time the license of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either; for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

[1]Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, the only way that was left. In that public spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely, dulness and poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory[2] (as the construction of epic poesy requireth) and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works.[3] He

[1] Vide Bossu, du Poeme Epique, chap. viii.
[2] Bossu, chap. vii. [3] Book i. ver. 32, &c.

proceedeth to show the qualities they bestow on these authors, and the effects they produce;[4] then the materials, or stock, with which they furnish them;[5] and (above all) that self-opinion[6] which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of industry, so is the other of plodding) was to be exemplified in some one, great, and remarkable action;[7] and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, viz. the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world; as the action of the Æneid is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner, our author has drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A person must next be fixed upon to support this action. This phantom, in the poet's mind, must have a name.[8] He finds it to be ——; and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

[4] Book i. ver. 45 to 54. [5] Ver. 57 to 77.
[6] Ver. 80. [7] Bossu, chap. vii. viii.
[8] Bossu, chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poetic. cap. ix.

The fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition; the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second Book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third Book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers. The first concerneth the plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the second the libellous novelist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering dedicator; the fourth, the bawling critic, or noisy poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty party-writer; and so of the rest; assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he could find.

As for the characters, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn. The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages

would be exceeding difficult; and certain it is that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them 'a parcel of poor wretches, so many silly flies;'[9] but adds, 'our author's wit is remarkably more bare and barren whenever it would fall foul on Cibber than upon any other person whatever.'

The descriptions are singular, the comparisons very quaint, the narrations various, yet of one colour; the purity and chastity of diction is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the words, but only the images, have been censured; and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up), yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all neoterics, a strict imitation of the ancients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself; yea divers, by

[9] Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. pp. 9. 12. 41.

his exceeding diligence, are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment without diminishing the imagination; which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at forty: for at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore, at the like age composing his Arthurs, declared the same to be the very acme and pitch of life for epic poesy; though, since, he hath altered it to sixty, the year in which he published his Alfred.[10] True it is that the talents for criticism, namely, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age: but it is far otherwise in poetry; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who, beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason, therefore, did our author choose to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of THE DUNCIAD.

[10] See his Essays.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS OF THE HERO OF THE POEM.

Of the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated: but when he cometh to speak of the person of the hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates: for, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! as if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother, and the world also, right in this particular, by assuring them that, in the greater epic, the prime intention of the muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and, consequently, that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find truly illustrious. This is

the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion: for this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, a hero, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the muse ceaseth not here her eagle flight: for sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these suns of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the goose and serpent kind. For we apply to the muse, in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the gods in general: 'Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, aut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit.' Which, in our vernacular idiom, may be thus interpreted: 'If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just; for contrary objects must either excite contrary affections or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men must at the same time hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men cannot love the good; because to love good men proceedeth from an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men from a tenderness to the good.' From

this delicacy of the muse arose the little epic (more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the phlegmatic), and for this some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out to make thereof an example; an early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father himself of epic poem affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets, his offspring; who, in the composition of their tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a satiric tragedy. Happily one of these ancient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides; and what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why, in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an old, dull, debauched buffoon, Cyclops, with the heaven-directed favourite of Minerva: who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused if, for the future, we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete tetralogy, in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the satiric piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the greater epic

should be an honest man; or, as the French critics express it, *un honnête homme*:[1] but it never admitted of any doubt but that the hero of the little epic should be his very opposite. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe how much juster the moral of that poem must needs be where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance, of qualities between the heroes of the two poems; and this, in order to admit what neoteric critics call the parody, one of the liveliest graces of the little epic. Thus it being agreed that the constituent qualities of the greater epic hero are wisdom, bravery, and love, from whence springeth heroic virtue; it followeth that those of the lesser epic hero should be vanity, assurance, and debauchery: from which happy assemblage resulteth heroic dulness, the never-dying subject of this our poem.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wisdom to seek its chief support and confidence within itself, and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will.—And are the advantages of vanity, when arising to the

[1] Si un héros poëtique doit être un honnête homme. Bossu, du Poëme Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? 'Let the world (will such a one say) impute to me what folly or weakness they please; but till wisdom can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be gazed at.'[2] This, we see, is vanity, according to the heroic gage or measure: not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to virtues we have not; but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those vices which every body knows we have. 'The world may ask (says he) why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my time very pleasantly with them.'[3] In short, there is no sort of vanity such a hero would scruple, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad; namely, 'Whether it would not be vanity in him to take shame to himself for not being a wise man?'[4]

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue in the mock hero is that same courage all collected into the face: and as power when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and

[2] Ded. to the Life of C. Cibber.
[3] Life, p. 2. oct. edit.
[4] Life, p. 2. octavo.

heroic a degree, that it insults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the Æneis: but how? His bravery, we know, was a high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's? who, having told us that he placed 'his *summum bonum* in those follies which he was not content barely to possess, but would likewise glory in,' adds, 'If I am misguided, 'tis Nature's fault, and I follow her.'[5] Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it which made his face 'more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom;' and his language to consist of what we must allow to be the most daring figure of speech, that which is taken from the name of God.

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakespeare calls it) 'Summer-teeming lust,' and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those certain strainers which our poet somewhere speaketh of;[6] but when it is let alone to work upon the lees, it acquireth strength by old age, and becometh a lasting ornament to the little epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its

[5] Life of C. Cibber, p. 23. octavo.

[6] Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind.

fitness for such a use; for not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be so even by him who best knoweth its value. 'Don't you think (argueth he) to say only a man has his whore,[7] ought to go for little or nothing? Because, *defendit numerus*, take the first ten thousand men you meet, and, I believe, you would be no loser if you betted ten to one that every single sinner of them, one with another, had been guilty of the same frailty.'[8] But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself: the man is sure enough a hero who hath his lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein lessen the merit of a whole well spent life! not taking to himself the commendation (which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs the same he was from the beginning,

'———Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerat.'———

But here, in justice both to the poet and the hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her his whore implieth she was his own, and not his neighbour's. Truly, a commendable continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded:

[7] Alluding to these lines in the Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot:
'And has not Colley still his lord and whore,
His butchers Henley, his freemasons Moore?'

[8] C. Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

for how much self-denial was exerted not to covet his neighbour's whore! and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this political calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either hero: but it is not in any, nor in all of these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the greater epic; so from vanity, impudence, and debauchery, springeth buffoonery, the source of ridicule, that 'laughing ornament,' as the owner well termeth it[9] of the little epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character, who deemeth that not reason, but risibility distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. 'As nature (saith this profound philosopher) distinguished our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design must have been by that faculty as evidently to raise our happiness, as by our *os sublime* (our erected faces) to lift the dignity of our form above them.'[10] All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man,

[9] C. Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.
[10] C. Cibber's Life, pp. 23, 24.

whose risibility lieth not barely in his muscles, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very spirits! and whose *os sublime* is not simply an erect face, but a brazen head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late King of Sweden.[11]

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas show us that all these are of small avail without the constant assistance of the gods; for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dulness. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favour and protection of the great, who, being the natural patrons and supporters of letters as the ancient gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off, and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and intimado of the great. And look of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger, is modern incense to engage the great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to portray or shadow

[11] C. Cibber's Letter, p. 8.

out this noble imp of fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, if so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual all-accomplished person, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concentre, with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus, indeed, nay, the world itself might be imposed on, in the late spurious editions, by I cannot tell what sham-hero or phantom; but it was not so easy to impose on him whom this egregious error most of all concerned: for no sooner had the fourth Book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognised his own heroic acts; and when he came to the words

'Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines,'

(though laureate imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befitteth any associate or consort in empire) he loudly resented this indignity to violated majesty. Indeed not without cause, he being there represented as fast asleep; so misbeseeming the eye of empire, which, like that of Jove, should never doze nor slumber. 'Ha! (saith he) fast asleep it seems! that is a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have

allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool.'[12] However, the injured laureate may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a sleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will[13] live at least, though not awake, and in no worse condition than many an enchanted warrior before him. The famous Durandarte, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin the British bard and necromancer; and his example, for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of use to our hero: for that disastrous knight, being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several persons of quality,[14] only replied with a sigh, 'Patience, and shuffle the cards.'[15]

But now, as nothing in this world, no, not the most sacred and perfect things either of religion or government, can escape the stings of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero's title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make a hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born, and princes-bred. What then did this author mean by erecting a player, instead of one of his patrons (a person

[12] C. Cibber's Letter, p. 53. [13] Ibid. p. 1.
[14] See Cibber's Letter to Mr. P.
[15] Don Quixote, part ii. book ii. ch. 22.

'never a hero even on the stage!')[16] to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulness, and achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden, could entirely bring to pass?

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ*: 'that every man is the carver of his own fortune.' The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth, that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero to be one of the worthiest that ever breathed. 'Let him (saith he) but fancy himself capable of high things, and he will of course be able to achieve the highest. From this principle it followeth that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess, as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragons himself; at one time to Alexander the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition;[17] to Henry IV. of France, for honest policy;[18] to the first Brutus, for love of liberty;[19] and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power.[20] At another time to the godlike Socrates, for his diversions and amusements;[21] to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh

[16] See Cibber's Life, p. 148.
[17] C. Cibber's Life, p. 149.
[18] Ibid. p. 424.
[19] Ibid. p. 366.
[20] Ibid. p. 457.
[21] Ibid. p. 18.

them for ever read and admired:[22] to two Lord Chancellors for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence;[23] and to say all in a word, to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of London himself, in the art of writing pastoral letters.[24]

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the revolution[25] face to face in Nottingham, at a time when his betters contented themselves with following her. It was here he got acquainted with old Battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes.[26] But he shone in courts as well as in camps; he was called up, when the nation fell in labour of this revolution,[27] and was a gossip at her christening, with the bishop and the ladies.[28]

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to heathen god or goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a maker of both.[29] And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault; for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he

[22] C. Cibber's Life p. 425.
[23] Ibid. pp. 436, 437.
[24] Ibid. p. 52.
[25] Ibid. p. 47.
[26] 'Old Battle-array in confusion is fled;
And olive-rob'd Peace is come in his stead,' &c.
Cibber's Birthday, or, New Year's Day Ode.
[27] Cibber's Life, p. 57.
[28] Ibid. pp. 58, 59.
[29] A Statuary.

had it in his power to be thought no body's son at all:[30] and what is that but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had; even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and install him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior, a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman, a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful gamester: and who fitter than the offspring of Chance to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is, in truth, another objection of greater weight, namely,—that this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For, if Solon said well,

> '———ultima semper
> Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus
> Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet:'

'That no man could be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a hero; this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of fortune and humour.' But to this also we have an

[30] Cibber's Life, p. 6.

answer, that will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from himself, who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his vanity, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. 'Nature (saith he) hath amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure which neither the pertness of wit, nor the gravity of wisdom will ever persuade me to part with.'[31] Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it; but he telleth us plainly, 'My superiors, perhaps, may be mended by him; but, for my part, I own myself incorrigible, I look upon my follies as the best part of my fortune.'[32] And with good reason: we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to buffoonery, 'Is it (saith he) a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my follies than my skin: I have often tried, but they stick too close to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth,' &c. &c.[33] Having then so publicly declared himself incorrigible, he is become dead in law, (I mean the law *Epopœian*) and devolveth upon the poet as his property; who may take him and deal with him

[31] C. Cibber's Life, p. 424.
[32] Ib. p. 19.
[33] Ib. p. 17.

like an old Egyptian hero, that is to say, embowel and embalm him for posterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, 'My dulness will find somebody to do it right.'[34]

'Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre parantem
Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus.'[35]

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[34] C. Cibber's Life, p. 243. octavo edit.

[35] Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.

PREFACE

PREFIXED TO THE FIVE FIRST IMPEFERCT EDITIONS OF THE DUNCIAD, IN THREE BOOKS, PRINTED AT DUBLIN AND LONDON, IN OCTAVO AND DUODECIMO, 1727.

THE PUBLISHER[1] TO THE READER.

It will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the public

[1] Who he was is uncertain ; but Edward Ward tells us, in his Preface to Durgen, ' That most judges are of opinion this Preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian,' &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether the publisher or not, may be said, in a sort, to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the Preface to their Miscellanies), determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power, the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows :

There was published in those Miscellanies a Treatise of the Bathos, or, Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part, at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more,

in general afford it a most quiet reception, and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas, if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week, for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with pamphlets, advertisements,[2] letters,

the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled license of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since, to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to show what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes that, by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it a happiness that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design.

[2] See the list of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the poem.

and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. Pope; and that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, (which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand[3] in these kingdoms of England and Ireland, not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the New World, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the author[4] of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the

[3] It is surprising with what stupidity this Preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cooke, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureate (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9). 'Though I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ, yet when I read it with those vainglorious incumbrances of notes and remarks upon it, &c.—It is amazing that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a low avarice of praise,' &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others were the author's own).

[4] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.

most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem[5] attacked no man living who had not before printed or published some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possessed of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly nothing in his style and manner of writing[6] which can distinguish or discover him; for if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed that this work was

[5] The publisher, in these words, went a little too far; but it is certain whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrilities, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

[6] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. Pope.

the labour of full six years of his life,[7] and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript:—

> 'Oh mihi bissenos multum vigilata per annos,
> Duncia!'[8]

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which, with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camöens the Lusiad, we may pronounce could have been, and can be, no other than

THE DUNCIAD.

It is styled heroic, as being doubly so; not only

[7] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, preface to Sawney: 'We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: it is no great compliment to the author's sense to have employed so large a part of his life,' &c. So also Ward, preface to Durgen: 'The Dunciad, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years' retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching,' &c. But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it.

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the poem.

[8] The prefacer to Curl's Key, p. 3, took this word to be really in Statius: 'By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad* is formed.' Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion.

with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the names in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others in their niches: for, whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible that the poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decipher them; since, when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B.? &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him by a name which, by good luck, happens to be that of a real person.

LIST OF BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,

In which our Author was abused before the Publication of the Dunciad; with the true names of the Authors.

Reflections Critical and Satirical on a late Rhapsody, called An Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis. Printed by B. Lintot, price 6d.

A New Rehearsal; or, Bays the Younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [By Charles Gildon.] Printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1s.

Homerides; or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended Translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel [Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket, Esquires.], Printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9d.

Æsop at the Bear Garden; a Vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6d.

The Catholic Poet; or, Protestant Barnaby's sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre and others, 1715, price 1d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet Show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Ducket, Esq. Printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call it. Anon. [By Griffin, a player, supervised by Mr. Th——.] Printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend. Anon. [Dennis.] Printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3d.

The Confederates, a farce. By Joseph Gay. [J. D. Breval.] Printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer; with two Letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis. Printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1s. 6d.

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris.] 1717, price 6d.

The Triumvirate; or, a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted.] 1711, folio, price 1s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke. Printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliza Haywood.] octavo. Printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the author of the Critical History of England, [J. Oldmixon.] octavo. Printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [By Jonathan Smedley.] Printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or, An Account of the Writings Characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled by S— and P— in a late Miscellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in

Letters to a Friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

VERSES, LETTERS, ESSAYS, OR ADVERTISEMENTS, IN THE PUBLIC PRINTS.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Written by M. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philomauri. James Moore Smith.

Idem, March 29. A Letter about Thersites, accusing the author of disaffection to the government. By James Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in Reputation; or, a Supplement to the Art of sinking in Poetry. [Supposed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the Translation of the Character of Thersites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled a Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements, occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen. Anon. octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1s. Others, of an elder date, having lain as waste paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner: 'The Confederates, a farce. By Capt. Breval (for which he was put into the Dunciad).—An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet Show. By Col. Ducket (for which he was put into the Dunciad).—Essays, &c. By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a passage of this book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.') And so of others.

AFTER THE DUNCIAD, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad, octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9, it was formally declared, 'That the complaint of the aforesaid

libels and advertisements was forged and untrue; that all mouths had been silent except in Mr. Pope's praise; and nothing against him published but by Mr. Theobald.']

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a critique on that Poem. By J. Ralph [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after.] Printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curl, 12mo. price 6d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curl, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6d.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curl.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr. Curl, 12mo. price 6d. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a stinging nettle. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6d.

The Dunciad Dissected. By Curl and Mrs. Thomas, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present Times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon. Printed for J. Roberts, 8vo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken

from Bouhours, with new reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profound. Anon. By Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter, signed W. A. writ by some or other of the club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who, for some time, held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A letter signed Philo-Scriblerus, on the name of Pope.——Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris,] against Mr. P——. Many other little epigrams, about this time, in the same papers, by James Moore and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, Aug. 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, Aug. 8. Letter charging the author of the Dunciad with treason.

Durgen: A plain Satire on a pompous Satirist, by Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a collection of many of the libels in the newspapers, like the former volume under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that 'Any thing which

any body should send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, should be inserted and published as theirs.'

Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility examined, &c. By George Ducket and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the ivth chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A Paper of Verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into One Epistle, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

THERE HAVE BEEN SINCE PUBLISHED,

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. [By a Lady, or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court Squire.] Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton Court, [Lord H——y.] Printed for J. Roberts. Also folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis, in Covent Garden, octavo.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION, WITH NOTES, QUARTO, 1729.

It will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the Dunciad than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipt into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas, in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very obscurity of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a secret, which most people love to be let into, though the

men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the persons, it was judged proper to give some account: for, since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive, (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breast to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scribleras I need say nothing: his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The imitations of the ancients are added, to

gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest, and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

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TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE DUNCIAD, WHEN PRINTED SEPARATELY IN THE YEAR 1742.

We apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad that we publish this fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly showed it to be not only incorrect, but unfinished. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that 'The design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it;' and, from the declaration in the ar-

gument to the third book, that 'The accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad.' But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the Æneid, though, perhaps, inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: in which we also promise to insert any criticisms that shall be published (if at all to the purpose), with the names of the authors; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed, under the title of *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum;* which, together with some others of the same kind, formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

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TO THE COMPLETE EDITION OF 1743.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his Essay on Man, and have

since finished another on the Essay on Criticism. There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation; but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving this poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more considerable hero. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the least expectation that such a one was reserved for this post as has since obtained the laurel: but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to him or the Dunciad.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our author: this person was one who, from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a vanity; and therefore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it. W. W.

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PRINTED IN THE JOURNALS, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest as if they looked upon them as an abuse; we can do no less than own it is our opinion that to call these gentlemen bad authors is no sort of abuse, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no wit, or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

OF THE POET LAUREATE. NOV. 19, 1729.

THE time of the election of a Poet Laureate being now at hand, it may be proper to give some account of the rites and ceremonies anciently used at that solemnity, and only discontinued through the neglect and degeneracy of later times. These we have extracted from an historian of undoubted credit, a reverend bishop, the learned Paulus Jo-

vius; and are the same that were practised under the pontificate of Leo X, the great restorer of learning.

As we now see an age and a court, that for the encouragement of poetry rivals, if not exceeds, that of this famous Pope, we cannot but wish a restoration of all its honours to poesy; the rather since there are so many parallel circumstances in the person who was then honoured with the laurel, and in him who (in all probability) is now to wear it.

I shall translate my author exactly as I find it in the 82d chapter of his Elogia Vir. Doct. He begins with the character of the poet himself, who was the original and father of all laureates, and called Camillo. He was a plain countryman of Apulia, whether a shepherd or thresher is not material. 'This man (says Jovius) excited by the fame of the great encouragement given to poets at court, and the high honour in which they were held, came to the city, bringing with him a strange kind of lyre in his hand, and at least some twenty thousand of verses. All the wits and critics of the court flocked about him, delighted to see a clown, with a ruddy, hale complexion, and in his own long hair, so top full of poetry; and at the first sight of him all agreed he was born to be Poet Laureate.[1] He had a most hearty welcome in an island of the river Tiber (an agreeable place, not

[1] Apulus præpingui, vultu alacer, et prolixe comatus, omnino dignus festâ laureâ videretur.

unlike our Richmond), where he was first made to eat and drink plentifully, and to repeat his verses to every body. Then they adorned him with a new and elegant garland, composed of vine leaves, laurel, and brassica (a sort of cabbage), so composed, says my author, emblematically, *ut tam sales, quam lepide ejus temulentia, Brassicæ remedio cohibenda, notaretur.* He was then saluted by common consent with the title of *archipoeta*, or arch-poet, in the style of those days; in ours, Poet Laureate. This honour the poor man received with the most sensible demonstrations of joy, his eyes drunk with tears and gladness.[2] Next, the public acclamation was expressed in a canticle, which is transmitted to us as follows:

'Salve, brassiceâ virens coronâ,
Et lauro, archipoeta, pampinoque!
Dignus principis auribus Leonis.'

'All hail, arch-poet, without peer!
Vine, bay, or cabbage fit to wear,
And worthy of the prince's ear.'

From hence he was conducted in pomp to the capitol of Rome, mounted on an elephant, through the shouts of the populace, where the ceremony ended.

The historian tells us farther, 'That at his introduction to Leo, he not only poured forth verses innumerable, like a torrent, but also sung them with open mouth. Nor was he only once introduced, or on stated days (like our Laureates), but

[2] Manantibus præ gaudio oculis.

made a companion to his master, and entertained as one of the instruments of his most elegant pleasures. When the prince was at table, the poet had his place at the window. When the prince had half[3] eaten his meat, he gave with his own hands the rest to the poet. When the poet drank, it was out of the prince's own flagon, insomuch (says the historian) that through so great good eating and drinking he contracted a most terrible gout.' Sorry I am to relate what follows, but that I cannot leave my reader's curiosity unsatisfied in the catastrophe of this extraordinary man. To use my author's words, which are remarkable, *mortuo Leone profligatisque poetis*, &c. 'When Leo died, and poets were no more,' (for I would not understand *profligatis* literally, as if poets then were profligate) this unhappy Laureate was forthwith reduced to return to his country, where, oppressed with old age and want, he miserably perished in a common hospital.

We see from this sad conclusion (which may be of example to the poets of our time) that it were happier to meet with no encouragement at all, to remain at the plough, or other lawful occupation, than to be elevated above their condition, and taken out of the common means of life, without a surer support than the temporary, or, at best, mortal favours of the great. It was doubtless for this consideration, that when the royal bounty was lately extended to a rural genius, care was

[3] Semesis opsoniis.

taken to settle it upon him for life. And it hath been the practice of our princes, never to remove from the station of Poet Laureate any man who hath once been chosen, though never so much greater geniuses might arise in his time. A noble instance how much the charity of our monarchs hath exceeded their love of fame.

To come now to the intent of this paper. We have here the whole ancient ceremonial of the Laureate. In the first place, the crown is to be mixed with vine leaves, as the vine is the plant of Bacchus, and full as essential to the honour, as the butt of sack to the salary.

Secondly, the brassica must be made use of as a qualifier of the former. It seems the cabbage was anciently accounted a remedy for drunkenness; a power the French now ascribe to the onion, and style a soup made of it, *Soupe d'ivrogne*. I would recommend a large mixture of the brassica if Mr. Dennis be chosen; but if Mr. Tibbald, it is not so necessary, unless the cabbage be supposed to signify the same thing with respect to poets as to tailors, viz. stealing. I should judge it not amiss to add another plant to this garland, to wit, ivy; not only as it anciently belonged to poets in general, but as it is emblematical of the three virtues of a court poet in particular; it is creeping, dirty, and dangling.

In the next place, a canticle must be composed and sung in laud and praise of the new poet. If Mr. Cibber be laureated, it is my opinion no man

can write this but himself; and no man, I am sure, can sing it so affectingly. But what this canticle should be, either in his or the other candidate's case, I shall not pretend to determine.

Thirdly, there ought to be a public show, or entry of the poet; to settle the order or procession of which, Mr. Anstis and Mr. Dennis ought to have a conference. I apprehend here two difficulties: one, of procuring an elephant; the other, of teaching the poet to ride him. Therefore I should imagine the next animal in size or dignity would do best; either a mule or a large ass; particularly if that noble one could be had, whose portraiture makes so great an ornament of the Dunciad, and which (unless I am misinformed) is yet in the park of a nobleman near this city:—unless Mr. Cibber be the man; who may, with great propriety and beauty, ride on a dragon, if he goes by land; or if he choose the water, upon one of his own swans from Cæsar in Egypt.

We have spoken sufficiently of the ceremony; let us now speak of the qualifications and privileges of the Laureate. First, we see he must be able to make verses extempore, and to pour forth innumerable, if required. In this I doubt Mr. Tibbald. Secondly, he ought to sing, and intrepidly, *patulo ore*: here, I confess the excellency of Mr. Cibber. Thirdly, he ought to carry a lyre about with him. If a large one be thought too cumbersome, a small one may be contrived to

hang about the neck, like an order, and be very much a grace to the person. Fourthly, he ought to have a good stomach, to eat and drink whatever his betters think fit; and therefore it is in this high office as in many others, no puny constitution can discharge it. I do not think Cibber or Tibbald here so happy: but rather a stanch, vigorous, seasoned, and dry old gentleman, whom I have in my eye.

I could also wish at this juncture, such a person as is truly jealous of the honour and dignity of poetry; no joker, or trifler, but a bard in good earnest; nay, not amiss if a critic, and the better if a little obstinate. For when we consider what great privileges have been lost from this office (as we see from the forecited authentic record of Jovius), namely, those of feeding from the prince's table, drinking out of his own flagon, becoming even his domestic and companion; it requires a man warm and resolute, to be able to claim and obtain the restoring of these high honours. I have cause to fear the most of the candidates would be liable, either through the influence of ministers, or for rewards or favours, to give up the glorious rights of the Laureate. Yet I am not without hopes, there is one, from whom a serious and steady assertion of these privileges may be expected; and, if there be such a one, I must do him the justice to say, it is Mr. Dennis, the worthy president of our society.

PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF MR. DRYDEN AND MR. POPE,

AS DRAWN BY CERTAIN OF THEIR CONTEMPORARIES.

MR. DRYDEN, HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

Mr. Dryden is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense.[1] A true republican son of monarchical church.[2] A republican atheist.[3] Dryden was from the beginning an αλλοπροσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last.[4]

In the poem called Absalom and Achitophel, are notoriously traduced the King, the Queen, the Lords, and Gentlemen; not only their honorable persons exposed, but the whole nation and its representatives notoriously libelled. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea, of Majesty itself.[5]

He looks upon God's gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor.[6] His very Christianity may be questioned.[7] He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his reflections on others.[8]

[1] Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698. p. 6.
[2] Ib. p. 38. [3] Ib. p. 192. [4] Ib. p. 8.
[5] Whip and Key, 4to. printed for R. Janeway, 1682. pref.
[6] Ibid. [7] Milbourn, p. 9. [8] Ib. p. 175.

PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF MR. POPE AND MR. DRYDEN,

AS DRAWN BY CERTAIN OF THEIR CONTEMPORARIES.

MR. POPE, HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. POPE is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning.[1] Some call him a Popish Whig, which is directly inconsistent.[2] Pope, as a Papist, must be a Tory and High-flier.[3] He is both a Whig and Tory.[4]

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments.[5]

In his Miscellanies, the persons abused are the King, the Queen, his late Majesty, both Houses of Parliament, the Privy Council, the Bench of Bishops, the established Church, the present Ministry, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be construed into royal scandal.[6]

He is a Popish rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings.[7] His religion allows him to destroy heretics, not only with his

[1] Dennis, Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 12.
[2] Dunciad Dissected. [3] Pref. to Gulliveriana.
[4] Dennis, Character of Mr. P.
[5] Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.
[6] List at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo. printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the preface to it, p. 6.
[7] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27.

With as good a right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility.[9]

MR. DRYDEN ONLY A VERSIFIER.

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre.[10] Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only is a question.[11]

MR. DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it Dryden's Virgil, to show that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustan age, but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer.[12] None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil; and none but such unthinking vermin admire his translator.[13] It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—but Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expression; not an ambling muse, running on carpet ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberless faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expression.[14]

[9] Milbourn, p. 39.
[10] Whip and Key, pref.
[11] Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84.
[12] Milbourn, p. 2.
[13] Ib. p. 35.
[14] Ib. p. 22, and 102.

pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish principles.[8] It deserved vengeance to suggest that Mr. Pope had less infallibility than his namesake at Rome.[9]

MR. POPE ONLY A VERSIFIER.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit.[10] It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse.[11]

MR. POPE'S HOMER.

The Homer which Lintot prints does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene.[12] He has no admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge.[13]

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his diction, and the harmony of his versification.—But this little author, who is so much in vogue, has nei-

[8] Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11.
[9] Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9.
[10] Mist's Journal of June 8, 1728.
[11] Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Homer.
[12] Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12.
[13] Ib. p. 14.

MR. DRYDEN UNDERSTOOD NO GREEK NOR LATIN.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster School: Dr. Busby would have whipt him for so childish a paraphrase.[15] The meanest pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly.[16] The translator is mad, every line betrays his stupidity.[17] The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not, understand his author.[18] This shows how fit Mr. Dryden may be to translate Homer! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the printer well enough, but ειχωρ for ιχωρ, must be the error of the author; nor had he art enough to correct it at the press.[19] Mr. Dryden writes for the court ladies.—He writes for the ladies, and not for use.[20]

The translator puts in a little burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated subscribers.[21]

MR. DRYDEN TRICKED HIS SUBSCRIBERS.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his reputation more than money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed

[15] Milbourn, p. 72.
[16] Ib. p. 203.
[17] Ib. p. 78.
[18] Ib. p. 206.
[19] Ib. p. 19.
[20] Ib. pp. 144. 190.
[21] Ib. p. 67.

ther sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions.[14]

MR. POPE UNDERSTOOD NO GREEK.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little.[15] I wonder how this gentleman would look, should it be discovered that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the poet; and yet he dares reproach his fellow writers with not understanding Greek.[16] He has stuck so little to his original, as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question.[17] I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has so delighted the ladies, and the gentlemen who judge like ladies.[18]

But he has a notable talent at burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it.[19]

MR. POPE TRICKED HIS SUBSCRIBERS.

It is indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a

[14] Character of Mr. Pope, p. 17, and Remarks on Homer, p. 91.
[15] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12.
[16] Daily Journal, April 23, 1728.
[17] Suppl. to the Profound Preface.
[18] Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66.
[19] Dennis's Remarks, p. 28.

upon merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated name.[22] *Poëtis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr. Dryden's motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets.[23]

NAMES BESTOWED ON MR DRYDEN.

An Ape.] A crafty ape drest up in a gaudy gown—Whips put into an ape's paw to play pranks with—None but apish and Papish brats will heed him.[24]

An Ass.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all.[25]

A Frog.] Poet Squab, endued with poet Maro's spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an ox.[26]

A Coward.] A Clinias, or a Damœtas, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own courage.[27]

A Knave.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the knave of Jesus Christ: and, if I mistake not, I have read somewhere of John Dryden, servant to his Majesty.[28]

A Fool.] Had he not been such a self-conceited fool.[29]—Some great poets are positive blockheads.[30]

A Thing.] So little a thing as Mr. Dryden.[31]

[22] Milbourn, p. 192.
[23] Ib. p. 125.
[24] Whip and Key, pref.
[25] Milbourn, p. 105.
[26] Milbourn, p. 11.
[27] Ib. p. 176.
[28] Ib. p. 57.
[29] Whip and Key, pref.
[30] Milbourn, p. 34.
[31] Ib. p. 35.

work: but it is too late to dissuade, by demonstrating the madness of the project. The subscribers' expectations have been raised in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of.[20] Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to booksellers.[21]

NAMES BESTOWED ON MR. POPE.

An Ape.] Let us take the initial letter of his christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, viz. A. P. E. and they give you the same idea of an ape as his face,[22] &c.

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's skin from this little ass.[23]

A Frog.] A squab, short gentleman—a little creature that, like the frog in the fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox.[24]

A Coward.] A lurking, way-laying coward.[25]

A Knave.] He is one whom God and Nature have marked for want of common honesty.[26]

A Fool.] Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer.[27]

A Thing.] A little abject thing.[28]

[20] Homerides, p. 1, &c.
[21] British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727.
[22] Dennis's Daily Journal, May 11, 1728.
[23] Dennis's Rem. on Hom. pref.
[24] Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 9.
[25] Char. of Mr. P. p. 3. [26] Ib.
[27] Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 37. [28] Ib. p. 8.

BY AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the authority in us vested by the act for subjecting poets to the power of a licenser, we have revised this piece; where finding the style and appellation of king to have been given to a certain pretender, pseudo-poet, or phantom, of the name of Tibbald; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a reflection on majesty, or at least an insult on that legal authority which has bestowed on another person the crown of poesy: we have ordered the said pretender, pseudo-poet, or phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work; and do declare the said throne of poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the Laureate himself. And it is hereby enacted that no other person do presume to fill the same.

BY THE AUTHOR, A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain haberdashers of points and particles, being instigated by the spirit of pride, and assuming to themselves the name of critics and restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our glorious ancestors, poets of this realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base allay, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine; the said haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such poets, to all or any of them: Now we, having carefully revised this our Dunciad, beginning with the words 'The mighty Mother,' and ending with the words 'buries all,' containing the entire sum of one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma, of this impression to be authentic: and do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wish our great predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this realm to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole, or in part, any poem or poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

THE DUNCIAD.[1]

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the original of the great Empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddess in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bayes, to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire. After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the

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REMARKS.

[1] This poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo; and three others in twelves the same year: but there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto, which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint posterity, that this poem was presented to King George II. and his Queen, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9.—SCHOL. VET.

It was expressly confessed in the preface to the first edition, that this poem was not published by the author himself.

pile is kindled, the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of Thule. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden, the Poet Laureate, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him successor.

REMARKS.

It was printed originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very hero of the poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his hero is the man

——who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings.

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the laurel.

It appears as plainly from the apostrophe to the great in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the great: whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true hero; who, above all other poets of his time, was the peculiar delight and chosen companion of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the earnest desire of persons of quality.

Lastly, the sixth verse affords full proof; this poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a son so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical political, and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him,

Still dunce the second reigns like dunce the first.

BENTLEY.

THE mighty mother, and her son, who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings,[2]
I sing. Say you, her instruments, the great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;
You by whose care, in vain decried and curst,
Still dunce the second reigns like dunce the first;[6]
Say how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issued from the Thunderer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of chaos and eternal night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave;
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.

REMARKS.

[2] *The Smithfield muses*] Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were, by the hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent Garden, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the Haymarket, to be the reigning pleasures of the court and town. This happened in the reigns of King George I. and II. See Book iii.

IMITATIONS.

[6] Alluding to a verse of Mr. Dryden, not in Mac Flecknoe, (as is said ignorantly in the Key to the Dunciad, p. 1.) but in his verses to Mr. Congreve,

'And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.'

Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.
O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;[24]
From thy Bœotia though her power retires,
Mourn not, my Swift! at ought our realm requires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.

Close to those walls where folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,[31]
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of poverty and poetry:
Keen hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness:
Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain tied down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town:

REMARKS.

[24] Relating to the papers of the *Drapier* against the currency of Wood's copper coin in Ireland; which, upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recall.

[31] *—by his fam'd father's hand*] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet Laureate. The two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam Hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.

Hence miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post;[40]
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines;[41]
Hence journals, medleys, mercuries, magazines:
Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And new-year odes, and all the Grub-street race.

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone,[45]
Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:[48]
Calm temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail:
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,

REMARKS.

[40] *Curll—Lintot*] Two booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench, for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.

IMITATIONS.

[41 42] *Hence hymning Tyburn's—hence*, &c.]

'——Genus unde Latinum,
Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.'

VIRG. ÆN. I.

[45] *In clouded majesty*]

———'The Moon
Rising in clouded majesty.'———MILTON, B. IV.

[48] ———*that knows no fears*
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears]

'Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent.'

HOR.

Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,[55]
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,[57]
Call forth each mass, a poem or a play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word a hundred clenches makes,
And ductile dulness new meanders takes;[64]
There motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill pair'd, and similes unlike.

REMARKS.

[57] *genial Jacob*] Tonson, the bookseller.

IMITATIONS.

[55] *Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,*
Where nameless somethings, &c.]

that is to say, unformed things, which are either made into poems, or plays, as the booksellers or the players bid most. These lines allude to the following in Garth's Dispensary, canto vi.

'Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.'

[64] *And ductile dulness,* &c.] A parody on a verse in Garth, canto i.

'How ductile matter new meanders takes.'

She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
How tragedy and comedy embrace;
How farce and epic get a jumbled race;
How time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.
Here gay description Egypt glads with showers,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
Glittering with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted valleys of eternal green,
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen[79]
Beholds through fogs that magnify the scene.
She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave,[85]
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,

REMARKS.

[85] *Thorold*] Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720. The procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land and partly by water. Cimon, the famous Athenian general, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day over the Persians and Barbarians.

IMITATIONS.

[79] —— *the cloud-compelling queen*] From Homer's epithet of Jupiter, νεφεληγερετα Ζευς.

Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.[90]
Now mayors and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls
What city swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.[98]
She saw with joy the line immortal run,
Each sire imprest and glaring in his son:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She saw old Prynne in restless Daniel shine,[103]
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;[104]

REMARKS.

[90] *But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more*] Settle was poet to the City of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pageants: but that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of City poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.

[98] *John Heywood*] Whose interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

[103] ——*restless Daniel*] Daniel De Foe.

[104] *And Eusden eke out*, &c.] Laurence Eusden, poet laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which are very numerous. Mr. Cooke, in his Battle of Poets, saith of him,

'Eusden, a laurel'd bard, by fortune rais'd,
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.'

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,[105]
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.
In each she marks her image full exprest,
But chief in Bayes's monster-breeding breast;
Bayes, form'd by nature stage and town to bless,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with success:
Dulness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
Remembering she herself was pertness once.
Now (shame to fortune!) an ill run at play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day:
Swearing and supperless the hero sate,
Blasphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate;
Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere despair.
Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
Much future ode, and abdicated play;
Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
That slipp'd through cracks and zigzags of the head;
All that on folly frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit.

REMARKS.

[105] *Like Tate's poor page*] Nahum Tate was poet laureate; a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of Absalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole;
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er like an industrious bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
The frippery of crucified Moliere;
There hapless Shakespeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.
The rest on outside merit but presume,
Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own.
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;[141]
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:[142]

REMARKS.

[141] *Ogilby the great*] 'John Ogilby was one who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many large volumes! His translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures: and (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter.'

WINSTANLEY, Lives of Poets.

[142] *There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete*] 'The Duchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights of poetry; leaving to posterity in print three ample volumes of her studious endeavours.' *Winstanley, ibid.* Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her Grace's, which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A gothic library! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and
Broome.[146]

But, high above, more solid learning shone,[147]
The classics of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,[149]

REMARKS.

[146] —*worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome*] The poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the city instead of the court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birthdays, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy, though more successful in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great are dead and gone. These he dressed in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick fustian and thin prosaic; exactly imitated in Perolla and Isidora, Cæsar in Egypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3. Broome was a serving-man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his master's, not entirely contemptible.

[147] *More solid learning*] Some have objected that books of this sort suit not so well the library of our Bays, which they imagined consisted of novels, plays, and obscene books; but they are to consider that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the dry bodies of divinity, which, no doubt, were purchased by his father, when he designed him for the gown.

[149] *Caxton*] A printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Henry VII. *Wynkyn de Worde*, his successor, in that of Henry VII. and VIII.

One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;
There, sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,[153]
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.[154]
Of these, twelve volumes, twelve of ample size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspir'd he seizes: these an altar raise;
A hecatomb of pure unsullied lays
That altar crowns; a folio common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base:
Quartos, octavos, shape the lessening pyre,
A twisted birthday ode completes the spire.
Then he: 'Great tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my muse began, with whom shall end,[166]

REMARKS.

[153] *De Lyra*] A very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

[154] *Philemon*] Philemon Holland, doctor in physic. 'He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else; insomuch that he might be called translator-general of his age. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a country gentleman a complete library.' WINSTANLEY.

IMITATIONS.

[166] *With whom my muse began, with whom shall end*] 'A te principium, tibi desinet.' VIRG. ECL. VIII.
Ἐκ Διος αρχωμεσθα, και εις Δια ληγετε Μουσαι. THEOC.
'Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camœna.' HOR.

E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,[167]
To the last honours of the Butt and Bays:
O thou! of business the directing soul
To this our head, like bias to the bowl,
Which, as more ponderous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
Oh! ever gracious to perplex mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
And, lest we err by wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to wit a coxçomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and sense;
Or quite unravel all the reasoning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead!
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And ponderous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
Me emptiness and dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire.
Some demon stole my pen (forgive th' offence),
And once betray'd me into common sense:
Else all my prose and verse were much the same;
This prose on stilts, that poetry fallen lame.
Did on the stage my fops appear çonfin'd?

REMARKS.

[167] *E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig*] The first visible cause of the passion of the town for our hero was a fair flaxen full-bottomed periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play of the Fool in Fashion. It attracted, in a particular manner, the friendship of Col. Brett, who purchased it.

My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
The brisk example never fail'd to move.
Yet sure, had heaven decreed to save the state,[195]
Heaven had decreed these works a longer date.
Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,[197]
This gray-goose weapon must have made her stand.
What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?[200]
Or tread the path by venturous heroes trod,
This box my thunder, this right hand my god?[202]

REMARKS.

[200] *Take up the Bible, once my better guide*] When, according to his Father's intention, he had been a clergyman, or (as he thinks himself) a bishop of the Church of England. Hear his own words: 'At the time that the fate of K. James, the Prince of Orange, and myself, were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone mine 'till theirs were determined. But had my father carried me a month sooner to the University, who knows but that purer fountain might have washed my imperfections into a capacity of writing, instead of Plays and annual Odes, Sermons and Pastoral Letters?'—*Apology for his Life*, chap. iii.

IMITATIONS.

[195] *—had Heaven decreed*, &c.]

'Me si cœlicolæ voluissent ducere vitam,
Has mihi servassent sedes.' VIRG. ÆN. II.

[197 198] *Could Troy be sav'd—This gray-goose weapon*]

'——Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.'
VIRG. ÆN. II.

[202] *This box my thunder, this right hand my god*]

'Dextra mihi *Deus*, et telum *quod missile libro*.'
VIRGIL, of the Gods of Mezentius.

Or chair'd at White's, amidst the doctors sit,[203]
Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
Or bidd'st thou rather party to embrace?
(A friend to party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist;
To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist)[208]
Shall I, like Curtius, desperate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal?
Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?
Hold—to the minister I more incline;
To serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine.
And see! thy very Gazetteers give o'er,
E'en Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourself. Still, still remain[217]
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen brightness to the 'squire so dear;
This polish'd hardness that reflects the peer:
This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights,
This mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where dukes and butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the bear and fiddle of the town.

REMARKS.

[203] *doctors*] The doctors in this place mean no more than false dice, a cant phrase used amongst gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, 'Shall I play fair or foul.'

[208] *Ridpath—Mist*] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying Post: Nath. Mist, of a Famous Tory journal.

[217] *What then remains? Ourself*] A parody on the famous Moi in Corneille's Media.

'O born in sin, and forth in folly brought!
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd (your father's fault),
Go, purified by flames ascend the sky,
My better and more Christian progeny!
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets,[229]
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets.
Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,[231]
Sent with a pass and vagrant through the land;
Nor sail with Ward to ape-and-monkey climes,[233]
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes;

REMARKS.

231 232 *—gratis-given Bland,—Sent with a pass*] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer, and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer), and to send them post-free to all the towns in the kingdom.

233 *—with Ward to ape-and-monkey climes*] 'Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the city (but in a genteel way), and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale), afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high-church party.' JACOB, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 225. Great numbers of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations. Ward, in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public-house was not in the city, but in Moorfields.

IMITATIONS.

229 *Unstain'd, untouch'd*, &c.]

'——— Felix Priameia virgo!
Jussa mori: quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos,
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
Nos, patria incensa, diversa par æquora vectæ,' &c.

VIRG. ÆN. III.

Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an alehouse fire!
Not wrap up oranges to pelt your sire!
O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate:[238]
Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest!
Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.'

With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)
Stole from the master of the sevenfold face;
And thrice he lifted high the birthday brand,[245]
And thrice he dropt it from his quivering hand;
Then lights the structure with averted eyes,
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;[250]
Great Cæsar roars and hisses in the fires;
King John in silence modestly expires:

REMARKS.

238 240 —*Tate*—*Shadwell*] Two of his predecessors in the laurel.

250 *Now flames the Cid*, &c.] The five pieces mentioned in this passage were by Cibber.

IMITATIONS.

245 *And thrice he lifted high the birthday brand*] Ovid, of Althæa, on a like occasion, burning her offspring:

'Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
Cœpta quater tenuit.'

250 *Now flames the Cid*, &c.]

'—— Jam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam,
Vulcano superante domus; jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon.'

No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.
Rouz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulé from her bed;[258]
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre:
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.
Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face: [mayors[263]
Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred dome:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
So spirits, ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognise their native place.
This the great mother dearer held than all[269]

REMARKS.

[258] *Thule*] An unfinished poem by Ambrose Philips.

IMITATIONS.

[263] *Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and mayors She looks, and breathes herself into their airs*]
'Alma parens confessa deam; qualisque videri
Cœlicolis, et quanta solet.' VIRG. ÆN. II.
'Et lætos oculis afflavit honores.' VIRG. ÆN. I.

[269] *This the great mother*, &c.]
'Urbs antiqua fuit———
Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam
Posthabita coluisse Samo: hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus esse
(Si qua fata sinant) jam tum tenditque fovetque.'
VIRG. ÆN. I.

The clubs of quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
And here she plann'd th' imperial seat of fools.

Here to her chosen all her works she shows,
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loitering into prose:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind:
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are fritter'd quite away:
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:
How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.[286]

REMARKS.

[286] — *Tibbald*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced), or Theobald (as written), was bred an attorney, and son to an attorney (says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Censor, and a translation of Ovid. 'There is a notorious idiot, one hight Whachum, who, from an under spur-leather to the law, is become an understrapper to the playhouse, who hath lately burlesqued the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile translation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called the Censor.' DENNIS, Rem. on Pope's Homer, p. 9, 10.

[286] *Ozell*] 'Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire, where somebody left him

The goddess then o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.
And lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a Heideggre and owl)[290]

REMARKS.

something to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts in the city, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays.'

JACOB, Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since fully confuted all sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20, 1729, in a paper called the Weekly Medley, &c. 'As to my learning, this envious wretch knew, and every body knows, that the whole bench of bishops, not long ago, were pleased to give me a purse of guineas for discovering the erroneous translations of the common prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland show better verses in all Pope's works than Ozell's version of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord Halifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. Let him show better and truer poetry in the Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket (*La Secchia rapita*). And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's translation of Homer to be, as it was prior, so likewise superior to Pope's.—Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well of his country.' JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies as those of the bench of bishops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.

[290] *a Heideggre*] A strange bird from Switzerland, and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent person, who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*.

Perch'd on his crown:—'All hail! and hail again,
My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,[296]
And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,[297]
With fool of quality completes the quire.
Thou, Cibber! thou his laurel shalt support;
Folly, my son, has still a friend at court.
Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come!
Sound, sound ye viols, be the catcal dumb!
Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine,

REMARKS.

[296] *Withers*] 'He was a great pretender to poetical zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest personages in power, which brought upon him frequent correction. The Marshalsea and Newgate were no strangers to him.' WINSTANLEY.

[296] *Gildon*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels, of the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; but renouncing popery, he published Blount's books against the divinity of Christ, the Oracles of Reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curl; in another, called The New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled The Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

[297] *Howard*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.[304]
And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons,
Light-arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,[309]
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the king.
'Oh! when shall rise a monarch all our own,[311]
And I, a nursing mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
And suckle armies, and drynurse the land:

REMARKS.

[309] *under Archer's wing.——Gaming,* &c.] When the statute against gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the king, by ancient custom, plays at hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the groom-porter had a room appropriated to gaming all the summer the court was at Kensington, which his majesty accidentally being acquainted of, with a just indignation prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued wherever the court resides, and the hazard table there open to all the professed gamesters in town.

IMITATIONS.

[304] *The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join*]

'——Quorum imagines lambunt
Hederæ sequaces.' PER.

[311] *O! when shall rise a monarch,* &c.] Boileau, Lutrin, chant ii.

'Hélas! qu'est devenu ce tems, cet heureux tems,
Où les rois s'honoroient du nom de fainéans,' &c.

Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine?'
She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat;[319]
'God save king Cibber!' mounts in every note.
Familiar White's, 'God save king Colley!' cries;
'God save king Colley!' Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphant rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;[324]
Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,[325]
And 'Coll!' each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.
So when Jove's block descended from on high,
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, 'God save king Log!'[330]

REMARKS.

[319] *Chapel-royal*] The voices and instruments used in the service of the chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the birthday and new year odes.

[324] *But pious Needham*] A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was that she might 'get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God.' But her fate was not so happy; for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

[325] *the Devil*] The Devil tavern in Fleet-street, where the court odes were usually rehearsed.

[330] *God save king Log*] See Ogilby's Esop's Fables, where, in the story of the Frogs and their king, this excellent hemistich is to be found.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

The King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyssey xxiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles). Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers. The goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a poetess. Then follow the exercises for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving; the first holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the second of disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party-writers. Lastly, for the critics the goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, the one in verse and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping; the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth, till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

High on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone[1]
Henley's gilt tub or Fleckno's Irish throne,[2]
Or that where on her Curlls the public pours,[3]
All bounteous, fragrant grains and golden showers,
Great Cibber sate: the proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze!
His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns,
Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their horns.

REMARKS.

[2] *Henley*] Orator Henley—See Book iii. ver. 199.

[2] *Fleckno's Irish throne*] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the *Defaite des Bouts rimées* of Sarazin.

[3] *Or that where on her Curlls*, &c.] Edmund Curl stood in the pillory at Charing-Cross, March 1727-8.

IMITATIONS.

[1] *High on a gorgeous seat*] Parody of Milton, book ii.

'High on a throne of royal state, that far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sate.'

Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her capitol saw Querno sit,[15]
Thron'd on seven hills, the antichrist of wit.

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
By herald hawkers high heroic games.
They summon all her race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land;
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots;
All who true dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall Maypole once o'erlook'd the Strand,

REMARKS.

[15] *Rome in her capitol saw Querno sit*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who, hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the laurel; a jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which, it is recorded, the poet himself was so transported as to weep for joy.* He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. *Paulus Jovius, Elog. Vir. doct. cap.* xxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada in his Prolusions.

* See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

But now (so Anne and piety ordain)
A church collects the saints of Drury-lane.
With authors, stationers obey'd the call;
(The field of glory is a field for all)
Glory and gain th' industrious tribe provoke,
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,[35]
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun nightgown of his own loose skin,
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,[39]
Twelve starveling bards of these degenerate days.
All as a partridge plump, full fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well bodied air;

IMITATIONS.

[35] *A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes*] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, Æn. x.

'Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem *sine viribus umbram*
In faciem Æneæ (visu mirabile monstrum!)
Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubasque
Divini assimilat capitis——
——Dat *inania verba*,
Dat *sine mente sonum*——'

The reader will observe how exactly some of these verses suit with their allegorical application here to a plagiary. There seems to me a great propriety in this episode, where such a one is imaged by a phantom that deludes the grasp of the expecting bookseller.

[39] *But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise*]
'Vix illud lecti bis sex——
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.'
VIRG. ÆN. XII.

With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless idol, void and vain!
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool so just a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.[50]
All gaze with ardour: some a poet's name,
Others a swordknot and lac'd suit inflame;
But lofty Lintot in the circle rose,[53]
'This prize is mine, who tempt it are my foes;
With me began this genius, and shall end.'
He spoke; and who with Lintot shall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone untaught to fear,

REMARKS.

[50] *More*] Curll, in his key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James Moore Smith, Esq. He borrowed of Dr. Arbuthnot a paper called an Historico-physical account of the South-sea; and of Mr. Pope, the Memoirs of a Parish Clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. Young, F. Billers, Esq. and many others as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were lost; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.

[53] *But lofty Lintot*] We enter here upon the Episode of the booksellers; persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a bull. This eminent bookseller printed Moore's play, the Rival Modes.

Stood dauntless Curll: 'Behold that rival here![58]
The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;

REMARKS.

[58] *Stood dauntless Curll!*] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curll. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the state, the church, and the law, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity: he speaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is favoured of the gods: he says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter. Though he loses the prize, he gains the victory; the great mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once instructive and prophetical. After this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations: many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curl some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings; witness innumerable instances; but it shall suffice only to mention the Court Poems, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a lady of

So take the hindmost, hell,' he said, and run.[60]
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,[61]
He left huge Lintot, and outstript the wind.
As when a dabchick waddles through the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;[64]
So labouring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,

REMARKS.

quality; but being first threatened, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from her to him, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since received from him: so true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, 'That any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse for having but seen or spoken to a good or bad man.'

IMITATIONS.

[60] *So take the hindmost, hell*]

'Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est.'
HOR. de Arte.

[61] *Swift as a bard*, &c.] Something like this is in Homer, Iliad x. ver. 220, of Diomed. Two different manners of the same author in his similes are also imitated in the two following; the first, of the Bailiff, is short, unadorned, and (as the critics well know) from familiar life; the second, of the Waterfowl, more extended, picturesque, and from rural life. The 59th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in Homer.

[64.65] *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops; So labouring on, with shoulders, hands, and head*]

'—— So eagerly the fiend
O'er bog, o'er steep, through streight, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.'
MILTON, BOOK II.

Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,[67]
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which Curll's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:[70]
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop)
Here fortun'd Curll to slide; loud shout the band,[73]

REMARKS.

[70] *Curll's Corinna*] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those gentlemen to Curll, who printed them in 12mo. 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

IMITATIONS.

[67, 68] *With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,*
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate]
Milton, of the motion of the swan,

'—— rows
His state with oary feet.'

And Dryden, of anothers—*With two left legs*—

[73] *Here fortun'd Curll to slide*]

'Labitur infelix, cæsis ut forte juvencis
Fusus humum, viridesque super madefecerat herbas
Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque crurore.'
VIRG. Æn. V. of Nisus.

And 'Bernard! Bernard!' rings through all the Strand.[74]

Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
Fallen in the plash his wickedness had laid:
Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.

'Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any god's, or more;
And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms.'[82]

A place there is betwixt earth, air, and seas,[83]
Where, from ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply:

REMARKS.

[82] *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms*] The Bible, Curll's sign: the Cross Keys, Lintot's.

[83] *A place*, &c.] See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus; where this fiction is more extended.

IMITATIONS.

[74] *And Bernard! Bernard!*]
'—— Ut littus, Hyla! Hyla! omne sonaret.'
VIRG. ECL. VI.

[83] *A place there is betwixt earth, air, and seas*]
'Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,
Cœlestesque plagas.'—— OVID. MET. XII.

Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills,
Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distils.
In office here fair Cloacina stands,[93]
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she pick'd her votary's prayer,
And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the goddess heard her servant's call,
From her black grottos near the temple wall,
Listening delighted to the jest unclean
Of linkboys vile, and watermen obscene;
Where as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vigorous he rises; from th' effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
Repasses Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.[108]
And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,[111]

REMARKS.

[93] *Cloacina*] The Roman goddess of the common sewers.

IMITATIONS.

[108] *Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face*]
'—— Faciem ostentabat, et udo
Turpia membra fimo.'—— VIRG. ÆN. V.

[111] *A shapeless shade*, &c.]
'—— Effugit imago
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.'
VIRG. ÆN. VI.

Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
To seize his papers, Curll, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air;[114]
Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.[116]
Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey;
That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away.
No rag, no scrap, of all the beau or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.

Heaven rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps of her own Grub-street choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;[124]
Mears, Warner, Wilkins, run; delusive thought![125]

REMARKS.

[116] *Evans, Young, and Swift*] Some of those persons whose writings, epigrams, or jests, he had owned.

[124] —*Like Congreve, Addison, and Prior*] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Bezaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers—'Bond writ a satire against Mr. P—. Capt. Breval was author of The Confederates, an ingenious dramatic performance, to expose Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arbuthnot, and some ladies of quality,' says Curll, Key, p. 11.

[125] *Mears, Warner, Wilkins*] Booksellers, and printers of much anonymous stuff.

IMITATIONS.

[114] *His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air*] Virgil, Æn. vi. of the Sibyl's Leaves:

'Carmina——
Turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.'

Breval, Bond, Bezaleel, the varlets caught.
Curll stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:[128]
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seiz'd, a puppy or an ape.

To him the goddess: 'Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town.[132]
As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade;
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries)
Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
Cook shall be Prior; and Concanen Swift;[133]

REMARKS.

[128] *Joseph Gay*] A fictitious name put by Curll before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's. The ambiguity of the word *Joseph*, which likewise signifies a loose upper coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.

[132] *And turn this whole illusion on the town*] It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.

[133] *Cook shall be Prior*] The man here specified writ a thing called the Battle of Poets, in which Philips and Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the British, London, and Daily Journals; and, at the same time, wrote letters to Mr. Pope protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald wrote notes, and half notes, which he carefully owned.

[133] ——*and Concanen Swift*] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place: but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we, too, boast our Garth and Addison.'
With that she gave him (piteous of his case,[141]
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
A shaggy tapestry, worthy to be spread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;[144]
Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
Earless on high stood unabash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below:[148]
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might he view,[149]
Thy very worsted still look'd black and blue:

REMARKS.

[144] —*Dunton's modern bed*] John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler: he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

[148] *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge*] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called The Observator: he was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

[149] *There Ridpath, Roper*] Authors of the Flying-Post, and

IMITATIONS.

[141, 142] ——*(piteous of his case,*
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)]
——— Risit pater optimus olli.——
'Me liceat casus miserari insontis amici.
Sic fatus, tergum Gætuli immane leonis,' &c.
VIRG. ÆN. v.

Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,[151]
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
And 'Oh! (he cried) what street, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings and blows?
In every loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!'[156]
See in the circle next Eliza plac'd,[157]

REMARKS.

Post-Boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

[151] *Himself among the storied chiefs he spies*] The history of Curll's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see a full and true account of a horrid revenge on the body of Edmund Curll, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.

[157] *See in the circle next Eliza plac'd*] Eliza Haywood: this woman was authoress of those most scandalous books, called the Court of Carimania and the New Utopia. For the two Babes of Love, see Curll, Key, p. 22.

IMITATIONS.

[151] *Himself among the storied chiefs he spies*]

'Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis——
Constitit, et lacrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!
Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?'

VIRG. ÆN. I.

[156] *And the fresh vomit run for ever green*] A parody of these lines of a late noble author:

'His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms.'

Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;[158]
Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall
dress'd.[160]

The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high
The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky,
His be yon Juno of majestic size,[163]
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
This china jordan let the chief o'ercome[165]
Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."
Osborne and Curll accept the glorious strife;[167]

REMARKS.

[160] *Kirkall*] The name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them.

[167] *Osborne, Thomas*] A bookseller in Gray's Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part: therefore

IMITATIONS.

[158] *Two babes of love close clinging to her waist*]

'Cressa genus, Pholoe, geminique sub ubere nati.'
VIRG. ÆN. V.

[163] ——*yon Juno*——
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes]

In allusion to Homer's Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη.

[165] *This China jordan*]

'Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.'
VIRG. ÆN. VI.

In the games of Homer, Iliad xxiii. there are set together as prizes a lady and a kettle, as in this place Mrs. Haywood and a jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the kettle, at which Madame Dacier is justly displeased. Mrs. H. is here treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

(Though this his son dissuades, and that his wife)
One on his manly confidence relies,[169]
One on his vigour and superior size.
First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its watry round[173]
(Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd).
A second effort brought but new disgrace,
The wild meander wash'd the artist's face;
Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gardener's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curll; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.

REMARKS.

placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's subscription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: of which books he had none; but cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copperplates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

IMITATIONS.

169 170 *One on his manly confidence relies,*
One on his vigour]

'Ille—melior motu, fretusque juventa;
Hic membris et mole valens.'—VIRG. ÆN. V.

173 174 *So Jove's bright bow——*
Sure sign]

The words of Homer, of the rainbow, in Iliad xi.

——ας τε Κρονιων
Εν νεφει τηριξε τερας μεροπων ανθρωπων.

So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)[181]
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jordan, walks contented home.
But now for authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my Lord! three jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest,
'He wins this patron who can tickle best.'
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the dedicators wait;

IMITATIONS.

181 182 *So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) Eridanus*]

Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, Georg. iv.

'Et gemina auratus taurino *cornua* vultu,
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum *violentior* effluit amnis.'

The poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed through the skies. Denham, Cooper's Hill:

'Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame's in thine, like lesser currents lost;
Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.'

Now at his head the dexterous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace;
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys;[203]
Then his nice taste directs our operas:
Bentley his mouth with classic flattery opes,[205]
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
But Welsted most the poet's healing balm[207]
Strives to extract from his soft giving palm.

REMARKS.

[203] Paolo Antonio Rolli, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.

[205] *Bentley his mouth*, &c.] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Thomas Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley.

[207]—*Welsted*] Leonard Welsted, author of the Triumvirate, or, A Letter in verse from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends, about the year 1718. He writ other things, which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator: and there was another in praise either of a cellar, or a garret. L. W. characterized in the treatise Περι Βαθους, or The Art of Sinking, as a didapper, and after as an eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11, 1728.

He was also characterized under another animal, a mole,

Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.
While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in heaven and prayer.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
Her sister sends, her votaress from above.
As taught by Venus, Paris learn'd the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off his Grace's secretary.
'Now turn to different sports (the goddess cries),
And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of noise,
To move, to raise, to ravish every heart.[223]

REMARKS.

by the author of the ensuing simile, which was handed about at the same time:

'Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole,
That painful animal, a mole:
Above ground never born to grow,
What mighty stir it keeps below!
To make a molehill all this strife!
It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
How proud a little dirt to spread,
Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
Till labouring on for want of eyes,
It blunders into light, and dies.'

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.

IMITATIONS.

223 [To move, to raise, &c.
Let others aim; 'tis yours to shake, &c.]

With Shakespeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,
Let others aim; 'tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl;
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell!
Such happy arts attention can command
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three catcals be the bribe
Of him whose chattering shames the monkey tribe;
And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass.'

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din;
The monkey mimics rush discordant in; [all,
'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering
And noise and Norton, brangling and Breval,[238]
Dennis and dissonance, and captious art,
And snipsnap short, and interruption smart,
And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
And major, minor, and conclusion quick.
'Hold, (cried the Queen) a catcal each shall win;[243]

REMARKS.

[238] —*Norton*] See ver. 415.—*J. Durant Breval*, author of a very extraordinary book of travels, and some poems.

IMITATIONS.

'Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.
Tu regere imperio populos Romane, memento,
Hæ tibi erunt artes.'—— VIRG. ÆN. VI.

[243] *A catcal each shall win*, &c.]

'Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites,
Et vitula tu dignus, et hic.' VIRG. ECL. III.

Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my brayers, and the welkin rend.'
As when the long ear'd milky mothers wait [247]
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the guild awake;
Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
So swells each windpipe; ass intones to ass,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
Such as from labouring lungs th' enthusiast blows,
High sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
Or such as bellow from the deep divine;
There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and, Whitfield! thine. [258]
But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;

REMARKS.

[258] — *Webster,—and Whitfield!*] The one the writer of a newspaper called The Weekly Miscellany; the other a field-preacher. This thought the only means of advancing religion was by the new birth of spiritual madness; that by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful bigotry and enthusiasm are, while the civil magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other.

IMITATIONS.

[247] *As when the*, &c.] A simile, with a long tail, in the manner of Homer.

Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.[260]
In Tot'nam Fields the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze![262]
Long Chancery Lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford reechoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.
This labour past, by Bridewell all descend
(As morning prayer and flagellation end)

IMITATIONS.

[260] —— *bray back to him again*] A figure of speech taken from Virgil:

'Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.'

GEORG. III.

'He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,
While neighbouring hills low back to them again.'

COWLEY.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word bray, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the sound of armour, war, &c. In imitation of him, and strengthened by his authority, our author has here admitted it into heroic poetry.

[262] *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze*]

'Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca.'

VIRG. ECL. VIII.

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham Fields, Chancery Lane, the Thames, Westminster Hall, and Hungerford Stairs, are imitated from Virgil, Æn. vii. on the sounding the horn of Alecto:

'Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
Sulphurea Nar albus aqua fontesque Velini,' &c.

To where Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams,
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames;
The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud[273]
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
'Here strip, my children! here at once leap in,
Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity of groping well:
Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound;
A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
A peck of coals apiece shall glad the rest.'
In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,[283]
And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands;

REMARKS.

[283] *In naked majesty Oldmixon stands*] Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom also, in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric), he misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for, in p. 45, he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it; and, in p. 304, is so injurious as to suggest that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, No. 43, which says of his own simile, that 'It is as great as ever entered into the

IMITATIONS.

[273] *The king of dykes!* &c.]
'Fluviorum rex Eridanus,
—— Quo non alius, per pinguia culta,
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.'
VIRG.

Then sighing, thus, 'And am I now threescore?[285]
Ah, why, ye gods! should two and two make four?'
He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright.
The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper rose the higher.

REMARKS.

mind of man.'—'In poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and is therefore characterized by the Tatler, No. 62, by the name of Omicron, the unborn poet.' Curl, Key, p. 13. 'He writ dramatic works, and a volume of poetry consisting of heroic epistles, &c. some whereof are very well done,' said that great judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our author. But the top of his character was a perverter of history, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts, in folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by Bishop Kennet, in publishing the historians in his Collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced a particular fact to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the Lord Clarendon's History; which fact has been disproved by Dr. Atterbury, late Bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death.

IMITATIONS.

[285] *Then sighing, thus, 'And am I now threescore?* &c.]
'—— Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes
Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos.' OVID.

Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er [291]
The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost; [293]
'Smedley' in vain resounds through all the coast.
Then * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight, [295]
He buoys up instant, and returns to light,
He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.
True to the bottom, see Concanen creep, [299]

REMARKS.

[291] *Next Smedley div'd*] In the surreptitious editions this whole episode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a person dipped in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work; whereas Mr. Eusden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in book i. v. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a Weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.

[295] *Then * essay'd*] Supposed to mean Aaron Hill, though denied by Pope. The passage stood differently in the early editions: see *Memoir* prefixed to these volumes, p. lxxxv.

[299] *Concanen*] Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift)

IMITATIONS.

[293] — *And call on Smedley lost*, &c.]

'Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost.
Hylas, in vain, resounds through all the coast.'
Lord Roscom. Translat. of Ecl. vi. of Virgil.

A cold, long winded, native of the deep;
If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies: [302]
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make;
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desperate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back:
Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.

REMARKS.

in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, p. 7, accuses him of 'having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him.' He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called The Speculatist. In a pamphlet, called A Supplement to the Profound, he dealt very unfairly with our poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did), but those of the Duke of Buckingham and others: to this rare piece somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto *De profundis clamavi*. He was since a hired scribbler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke and others; after which, this man was surprisingly promoted to administer justice and law in Jamaica.

IMITATIONS.

[302] *Not everlasting Blackmore*]

'Nec bonus Eurytion prælato invidit honori,' &c.
VIRG. ÆN. V.

Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone),
Sits mother Osborne, stupified to stone! [312]
And monumental brass this record bears,
'These are, ah no! these were the Gazetteers!'
Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of skull [315]
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance,

REMARKS.

[312] —— *Osborne*] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last, being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.

[315] *Arnall*] William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty, with furious party-papers; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the temple of Infamy: witness a paper called The Free Briton; a Dedication intitled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing that he received 'For Free Britons, and other writings, in the space of four years, no less than ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds six shillings and eight pence out of the Treasury.' But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable patron to disavow his scurrilities.

He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the journals and the lead.
The plunging prelate, and his ponderous grace,[323]
With holy envy gave one layman place.
When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood,
Slow rose a form in majesty of mud;
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;[329]
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.
First he relates how, sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in;
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vied for his love in jetty bowers below,
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
Then sung, how shown him by the nutbrown maids
A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,
That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethé's streams,
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams,

REMARKS.

[323] *The plunging prelate*] Supposed to mean Bishop Sherlock. Sir Robert Walpole, who was his contemporary at Eton College, used to relate, that when some of the scholars, going to bathe in the Thames, stood shivering on the bank, Sherlock plunged in immediately over head and ears.

IMITATIONS.

[329] *Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares*] Virg. Æn. vi. of the Sibyl:

'—— majorque videri,
Nec mortale sonans'——

(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's offering to his Arethuse)
Pours into Thames; and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here, brisker vapours o'er the Temple creep;
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.
Thence to the banks where reverend bards repose[347]
They led him soft; each reverend bard arose;
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,[349]
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest.
'Receive (he said) these robes which once were mine,

REMARKS.

[349] *And Milbourn*] Luke Milbourn, a clergyman, the fairest of critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the gentlemen of the Dunciad against our author, as will be seen in the parallel of Mr. Dryden and him.

IMITATIONS.

[347] *Thence to the banks,* &c.]

'Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
Aonas in montes ut duxerit una sororum;
Utque viro Phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis;
Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,
Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ,
Ascræo quos ante seni'—&c.

VIRG. ECL. VI.

Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.'
He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The reverend flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
Around him wide a sable army stand,
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
Prompt or to guard or stab, or saint or damn,
Heaven's Swiss, who fight for any god or man.
Through Lud's fam'd gates, along the well known Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street,
Till showers of sermons, characters, essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopt the goddess; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.
'Ye critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;
Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,
My H—ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
Attend the trial we propose to make:
If there be man who o'er such works can wake,
Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
To him we grant our amplest powers to sit
Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
Full and eternal privilege of tongue.'
Three college sophs, and three pert templars came,

The same their talents, and their tastes the same! [380]
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poesy and prate. [382]
The ponderous books two gentle readers bring;
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring: [384]
The clamorous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
Till all tun'd equal send a general hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping words on words the sense compose,
At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy god.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress [397]

REMARKS.

397 *Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak*] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, &c. 'He

IMITATIONS.

380 381 *The same their talents,—Each prompt*, &c.]
'Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
Et certare pares, et respondere parati.'
VIRG. ECL. VI.

382 *And smit with love of poesy and prate*]
'Smit with the love of sacred song—' MILTON.

384 *The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring*]
'Consedere duces, et vulgi stante corona.'
OVID, MET. XIII.

By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,[399]
Yet silent bow'd to 'Christ's no kingdom here.'[400]
Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum,
Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em lies
Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first and then a second makes;
What dulness dropt among her sons imprest
Like motion from one circle to the rest:
So from the midmost the nutation spreads,

REMARKS.

is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent epilogues to plays, and one small piece on Love, which is very pretty.' JACOB, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.

[399] *Toland and Tindal*] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the Atheist's Liturgy, called Pantheisticon, was a spy in pay to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the Rights of the Christian Church, and Christianity as old as the Creation. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S—, which was suppressed while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he showed it, expecting his approbation. This Doctor afterwards published the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*, against that very person.

[400] An allusion to a famous sermon of Bishop Hoadley's.

Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.[410]
At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail;[411]
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale;
Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er;[413]
Morgan and Mandeville could prate no more;[414]
Norton, from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung,[415]

REMARKS.

[411] —*Centlivre*] Mrs. Susannah Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many plays, and a song (says Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32) before she was seven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.

[413] *Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er*] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c. William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great. Their books were printed in 1726.

[414] *Morgan*] A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe than by the pompousness of his title, of a *Moral Philosopher*.

[414] —*Mandeville*] Author of a famous book called The Fable of the Bees; written to prove, that moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian virtue the imposition of fools; and that vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render society flourishing and happy.

[415] *Norton*] Norton de Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel; *Fortes creantur fortibus:* one of the authors of the Flying Post, in which well bred work Mr. P. had sometimes the honour to be abused with his betters; and of many hired scurrilities, and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

IMITATIONS.

[410] *O'er all the* sea of heads]

'A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.'

BLACKM. JOB.

Bless'd with his father's front and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head,
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.[418]

Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay.
Why should I sing what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumbering visit, and convey to stews;
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd roundhouse, ever-open gate!
How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat?

IMITATIONS.

[418] *And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead*] Alludes to Dryden's verse in the Indian Emperor:

'All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead.'

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the goddess transports the king to her temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle builders, chymists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of fancy, and led by a mad poetical sibyl to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a mount of vision, from whence he shows him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness; then, the present; and, lastly, the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the island of Great Britain, shows by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the king himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be overrun with farces, operas, and shows; how the throne

of Dulness shall be advanced over the theatres, and set up even at court; then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences; giving a glimpse, or Pisgah-sight, of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

But in her temple's last recess inclos'd,
On Dulness' lap th' anointed head repos'd.
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew:
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from reason know:
Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,[7]
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods;
Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the chymist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The king descending views th' Elysian shade.
A slipshod sibyl led his steps along,[15]
In lofty madness meditating song;

IMITATIONS.

[7] *Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods, He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods*]
'Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio.'—— VIRG. ÆN. VIII.

[15] *A slipshod sibyl*, &c.]
'Conclamat vates————
——Furens antro se immisit aperto.' VIRG. ÆN. VI.

Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd but in Castalia's streams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,[19]
(Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more;)
Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows;[21]
And Shadwell nods, the poppy on his brows.[22]
Here in a dusky vale, where Lethé rolls,[23]

REMARKS.

[19] *Taylor*] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the accidence: a rare example of modesty in a poet!

'I must confess I do want eloquence,
And never scarce did learn my accidence;
For having got from *possum* to *posset*,
I there was gravell'd, could no farther get.'

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an alehouse in Long Acre. He died in 1654.

[21] *Benlowes*] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be seen from many dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagramed his name Benlowes into Benevolus; to verify which he spent his whole estate upon them.

[22] *And Shadwell nods, the poppy*, &c.] Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.

IMITATIONS.

[23] *Here in a dusky vale*, &c.]

'——Videt Æneas in valle reducta
Seclusum nemus— VIRG. ÆN. VI.
Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænatat amnem,
Hunc circum innumeræ gentes,' &c. VIRG. ÆN. VI.

Old Bavius sits to dip poetic souls,[24]
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Browne and Mears unbar the gates of light,[28]
Demand new bodies, and in calf's array
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,[31]
Thick as the stars of night or morning dews,

REMARKS.

[24] *Old Bavius sits*] Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bayes by our author, though not in so Christian-like a manner: for heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and detested for his evil works: *Qui Bavium non odit?* whereas we have often had occasion to observe our poet's great good nature and mercifulness through the whole course of this poem. SCRIB.

[28] —*Browne and Mears*] Booksellers, printers for any body. ——The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

IMITATIONS.

[24] *Old Bavius sits to dip poetic souls*]
'At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti
Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,
Lustrabat.' VIRG. ÆN. VI.

[28] ——*unbar the gates of light*] A hemistich of Milton.

[31 32] *Millions and millions—Thick as the stars*]
'Quam multa in sylvis autumni frigore primo
Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
Quam multæ glomerantur aves,' &c. VIRG. ÆN. VI.

As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.[34]
Wondering he gaz'd: when, lo! a sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which Settle wore[37]
(His only suit) for twice three years before:
All as the vest appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state, another yet the same.
Bland and familiar, as in life, begun
Thus the great father to the greater son:
'Oh! born to see what none can see awake!
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake!
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;'
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his preexistent state?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?
How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
How many stages through old monks she rid?
And all who since, in mild benighted days,

REMARKS.

[34] *Ward in pillory*] John Ward of Hackney, Esq. member of parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory on the 17th of February 1727.

[37] *Settle*] See note on *Dunciad*, B. i. v. 90. He was once a writer in vogue as well as Cibber, both for dramatic poetry and politics.

Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.[54]
As man's meanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonsense this, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For this our queen unfolds to vision true[61]
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.

'Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

IMITATIONS.

[54] *Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays*]

'———Sine tempora circum
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros.'

VIRG. ECL. VIII.

[61] [62] *For this our queen unfolds to vision true*
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view]

This has a resemblance to that passage in Milton, book xi. where the angel

'To noble sights from Adam's eye remov'd
The film; then purg'd with euphrasie and rue
The visual nerve—*For he had much to see.*'

There is a general allusion in what follows to that whole episode.

'Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient science their bright course begun:
One godlike monarch all that pride confounds,[75]
He whose long wall the wandering Tartar bounds:
Heavens! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

'Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise;
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,[81]
And lick up all their physic of the soul.

'How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from hyperborean skies
Embodied dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,
The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
Of Genseric! and Attila's dread name!
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul;
See where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)

REMARKS.

[75] Chi Ho-am-ti Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

[81 82] The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Egypt, caused his general to burn the Ptolemean library, on the gates of which was this inscription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the physic of the soul.

His conquering tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving Ignorance enthrones by laws!
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep!
'Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thundering against heathen lore;
Her gray-hair'd synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And e'en th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber chok'd with gods;
Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn:
See graceless Venus to a virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd!
'Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
Grave mummers! sleeveless some and shirtless others.
That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen[117]
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
In peace great goddess ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword!

IMITATIONS.

[117] [118] *Happy!—had Easter never been*]
'Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent.'
VIRG. ECL. VI.

Thus visit not thy own! on this bless'd age
O spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.
'And see, my son! the hour is on its way
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway;
This favourite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look through fate! behold the scene she draws![127]
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light:
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie[131]
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the bless'd abode,
A hundred sons, and every son a god:
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd,
Shall take through Grub-street her triumphant round;

IMITATIONS.

127 129 *Now look through fate!*
See all her progeny, &c.]

'Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quæ deinde sequatur
Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,
Expediam.' VIRG. ÆN. VI.

131 *As Berecynthia*, &c.]

'Felix prole virum: qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
Læta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.'
VIRG. ÆN. VI.

And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce.
'Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,[139]
And thrusts his person full into your face,
With all thy father's virtues bless'd be born![141]
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.
'A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,[145]
Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.[146]
Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gillhouse mourn,[147]
And answering ginshops sourer sighs return.

REMARKS.

[146] *Ward*] See note on *Dunciad*, B. i. v. 233.

IMITATIONS.

[139] *Mark first that youth*, &c.]
'Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur hasta,
Proxima sorte tenet lucis loca.'——
VIRG. ÆN. VI.

[141] *With all thy father's virtues bless'd be born*]
A manner of expression used by Virgil, Ecl. viii.
'Nascere, præque diem veniens age, Lucifer.'—
As also that of *patriis virtutibus*, Ecl. iv.

[145] *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free*]
'——si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!' VIRG. ÆN. VI.

[147] *Thee shall each alehouse*, &c.]
'Te nemus Anguitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
Te liquidi flevere lacus.' VIRG. ÆN. VII.
Virgil again, Ecl. x.
'——illum etiam lauri, etiam flevere myricæ,' &c.

'Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;[149]
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.[150]
Lo Popple's brow, tremendous to the town,[151]
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.[152]

REMARKS.

[149] *Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe*] 'This gentleman is a son of a considerable maltster of Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the law under a very eminent attorney: who, between his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way.—He has writ in prose the Lives of the Poets, Essays, and a great many law books, Accomplished Conveyancer, Modern Justice, &c.' Giles Jacob of himself, Lives of Poets, vol. i. He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that book the author's friend, Mr. Gay.

[151] *Popple's brow*] Popple was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He published some abuses on our author in a paper called *The Prompter*.

[152] *Horneck—Roome*] These two were virulent party writers, worthily coupled together, and, one would think, prophetically; since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in honour and employment. The first was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingsgate paper called The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was son of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet-street, and writ some of the papers called Pasquin, where, by malicious inuendoes, he endeavoured to represent our author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under

IMITATIONS.

[150] —— 'duo fulmina belli
Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ!' VIRG. ÆN. VI.

Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,[153]
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:
Each songster, riddler, every nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
Some strain in rhyme: the muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks:
Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curll.

'Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,[165]

REMARKS.

prosecution of parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram:

'You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
Yet if he writes is dull as other folks,
You wonder at it—This, sir, is the case,
The jest is lost unless he prints his face.'

[153] —*Goode*] An ill natured critic, who writ a satire on our author, called The Mock Æsop, and many anonymous libels in newspapers, for hire.

[165] —*Ralph*] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing piece called Sawney, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines alluded to a thing of his entitled Night, a poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that author's account of English poets, printed

And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye owls![166]
'Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way—and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer,[169]
Though stale, not ripe, though thin, yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full.
'Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah! what ill starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.

REMARKS.

in a London journal, Sept. 17, 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled, and replied, 'Shakespeare writ without rules.' He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnall, and received a small pittance for pay.

[169] *Welsted*] See note on *Dunciad*, B. ii. v. 207.

IMITATIONS.

[166] *And makes night hideous*——]

'Visit thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous.' SHAKESP.

[169] *Flow, Welsted, flow!* &c.] Parody on Denham, Cooper's Hill:

'O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull:
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full!'

Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more![177]
Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.
'Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;[179]
How like in manners, and how like in mind!
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a consul, this commissioner.'
'But who is he, in closet close-y-pent,[185]
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scrapes y-fed, and Wormius hight,[188]

REMARKS.

[173] *yon pair*] Thomas Burnet, youngest son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury; and Colonel Duckit.

[188] *Wormius*] Hearne, the antiquary.

IMITATIONS.

[177] *Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more*] Virg. Æn. vi.

'——— Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.
Tuque prior, tu parce—sanguis meus!'—

[179] *Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd*] Virg. Æn. vi.

'Illæ autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
Concordes animæ'———

And in Æn. v.

'Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juventa,
Nisus amore pio pueri.'

[185] *But who is he,* &c.] Virg. Æn. vi. questions and answers in this manner, of Numa:

'Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivæ,
Sacra ferens?—nosco crines, incanaque menta,' &c.

To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!
'There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
A lumberhouse of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
'But, where each science lifts its modern type,
History her pot, divinity her pipe,
While proud philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below,
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,[199]
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.
O great restorer of the good old stage, [[204]
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
O worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,[209]

REMARKS.

[199] *—lo! Henley stands,* &c.] J. Henley, the orator; he preached on the Sundays upon theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour.

[204] *—Sherlock, Hare,—Gibson*] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London; whose Sermons and Pastoral Letters did honour to their country as well as stations.

[209] *with butchers*] See note [6] p. 5.

Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and maul;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.[212]
'Yet, oh, my sons! a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
'Tis yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But, oh! with One, immortal One, dispense,
The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
Content, each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires,
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are given for you to hate.
Persist, by all divine in man unaw'd,
But learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.'[224]
Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
Half through the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the sire:
'See now what Dulness and her sons admire!
See what the charms that smite the simple heart,
Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by art.'
His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,

REMARKS.

[212] Of Toland and Tindal, see book ii. ver. 399. Thomas Woolston was an impious madman, who wrote, in a most insolent style, against the miracles of the Gospel.

IMITATIONS.

[224] *Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God*]
'Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.'
VIRG. ÆN. VI.

(Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesied)[232]
And look'd, and saw a sable sorcerer rise,[233]
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war:
Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth:[237]
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

Thence a new world to nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.[244]

REMARKS.

[232] *Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesied*] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his Life, p. 149, that Goodman, being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, 'If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d——d,'—'and' (says Mr. Cibber), 'I make it a question, whether Alexander himself, or Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine.'

[233] *a sable sorcerer*] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of Farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years.

[237] These absurdities were actually brought on the stage by Tibbald, in his Rape of Proserpine.

IMITATIONS.

[244] *And other planets*]

'——Solemque *suum, sua* sidera norunt.'——

VIRG. ÆN. VI.

The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies:[246]
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.[248]
Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought:
'What power (he cries), what power these wonders wrought?'
'Son, what thou seek'st is in thee! look and find[251]
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarsenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls;[256]
Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:[258]

REMARKS.

[248] *Lo! one vast egg*] In another of these Farces, Harlequin is hatched upon the stage, out of a large egg.

IMITATIONS.

[246] *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies*]
'Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.' HOR.

[251] *Son, what thou seek'st is in thee*]
'Quod petis in te est——
—— Ne te quæsiveris extra.' PERS.

[256] *Wings the red lightning*, &c.] Like Salmoneus in Æn. vi.
'Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.
——nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen,
Ære et cornipedum pulsu simularat equorum.'

[258] *—o'er all unclassic ground*] Alludes to Mr. Addison's verse in the praises of Italy:
'Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.'

Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease,[261]
Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease!
And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

'But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there![266]
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
Contending theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

'And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee! these wonders are thy own.
These fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but ah! withheld from mine.
In Lud's old walls though long I rul'd renown'd
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
Though my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,

REMARKS.

[261] *Immortal Rich*] Mr. John Rich, master of the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, was the first that excelled this way.

[266] [267] Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the Theatre in Drury Lane.

IMITATIONS.

As ver. 264 is a parody on a noble one of the same author in the Campaign: and ver. 259, 260, on two sublime verses of Dr. Y.

To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full fed heroes, their pacific mayors,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars: [282]
Though long my party built on me their hopes, [283]
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes;
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, heaven! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carried off in some dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,
But lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,

REMARKS.

[282] *Annual trophies*, on the Lord Mayor's Day; and *monthly wars*, in the artillery ground.

[283] *Though long my party*] Settle, like most party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the character of a Popish successor, but afterwards printed his Narrative on the other side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680; then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounslow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called St. George for England, he acted in his old age in a dragon of green leather of his own invention. He was at last taken into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years.

And every year be duller than the last;
Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
Already opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway:
Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
The third mad passion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,[305]
And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!
To aid our cause, if heaven thou canst not bend,[307]
Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.
Grub-street! thy fall should man and gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, insure it but from fire.[312]
Another Æschylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While opening hell spouts wildfire at your head.

REMARKS.

[305] *Polypheme*] He translated the Italian Opera of Polifemo.

[312] *insure it but from fire*] In Tibbald's Farce of Proserpine, a corn field was set on fire: whereupon the other playhouse had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in showing the burnings of hell fire, in Dr. Faustus.

IMITATIONS.

[307] *To aid our cause, if heaven thou canst not bend,*
Hell thou shalt move]

'Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.'

VIRG. ÆN. VII.

'Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here, all ye heroes, bow!
'This, this is he foretold by ancient rhymes,[319]
Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs following signs lead on the mighty year!
See! the dull stars roll round and reappear.
See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays!
On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ![325]

REMARKS.

[325] *On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ*] W—m Benson (Surveyor of the buildings to his Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house and the Painted Chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling; whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords upon this were going upon an address to the King against Benson for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then Secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

IMITATIONS.

[319 320] *This, this is he foretold by ancient rhymes,*
Th' Augustus, &c.]

'Hic vir, hic est! tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,
Augustus Cæsar, divum genus; aurea condet
Sæcula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam"—— VIRG. ÆN. VI.

Saturnian here relates to the age of lead, mentioned b. i. ver. 26.

Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit! [326]
See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends; [330]
Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.
'Proceed, great days! till learning fly the shore,
[333

REMARKS.

[326] —*Ambrose Philips*] 'He was (saith Mr. Jacob) one of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace.' But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's complete Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 157. "Indeed, he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the same foot with Virgil, lest it should seem flattery, but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys.' He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much.

[330] *Gay dies unpension'd*, &c.] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success: The Shepherd's Week, Trivia, The What-d'ye-call it, Fables; and, lastly, that prodigy of fortune, the Beggar's Opera.

[333] *Proceed, great days!* &c.—*Till Birch shall blush*, &c.] Another great prophet of Dulness, on this side Styx, promiseth those days to be near at hand. 'The devil (saith he) licensed bishops to license masters of schools to instruct youth in the knowledge of the heathen gods, their religion, &c. The schools and universities will soon be tired and ashamed of classics, and such trumpery.' Hutchinson's Use of Reason recovered. SCRIBL.

Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more;
Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday;
Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils' sport,
And Alma Mater lie dissolv'd in port!'
'Enough! enough!' the raptur'd monarch cries!
And through the ivory gate the vision flies.[340]

IMITATIONS.

[340] *And through the ivory gate*, &c.]

'Sunt geminæ somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
Altera, candenti perfecta nitens elephanto;
Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes.'

VIRG. ÆN. VI.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

The poet being, in this book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation; as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shows the goddess coming in her majesty to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the sciences, and silences the muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the geniuses of the schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and the universities. The universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors; one of whom delivers to the goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels; presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: to these approaches the antiquary Annius, intreating her to make them

virtuosos, and assign them over to him; but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: among them, one stands forth, and demands justice on another who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature; but he justifies himself so well, that the goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birdsnests, moss, &c. but with particular caution not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of nature, or of the Author of nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty address for the minute philosophers and freethinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus, her high priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adepts she sends priests, attendants, and comforters, of various kinds, confers on them orders and degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue: the progress and effect whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the restoration of night and chaos conclude the poem.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night![2]
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show, half veil the deep intent.

REMARKS.

[2] —— *dread Chaos and eternal Night*] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the poem.

Ye powers! whose mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the poet and the song.

Now flam'd the dogstar's unpropitious ray,
Smote every brain, and wither'd every bay;
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bower,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguish light,[14]
Of dull and venal a new world to mould,[15]
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.

She mounts the throne: her head a cloud concealed,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd;
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines:)
Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines.
Beneath her footstool Science groans in chains,

REMARKS.

[14] *To blot out order, and extinguish light*] The two great ends of her mission; the one in quality of daughter of Chaos, the other as daughter of Night. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinctions between high and low in society, and true and false in individuals: light as intellectual only; wit, science, arts.

[15] *Of dull and venal*] The allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of light or science; *venal* to the destruction of order and the truth of things.

[15] —*a new world*] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural world into night and chaos, a new one should arise; this the poet alluding to, in the production of a new world, makes it partake of its original principles.

And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
There, stript, fair Rhetoric languish'd on the ground;
His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn,
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies when Dulness gives her Page the word.[30]
Mad Mathesis alone was unconfin'd,[31]
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the circle, finds it square.
But held in tenfold bonds the Muses lie,
Watch'd both by envy's and by flattery's eye:
There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
The dagger, wont to pierce the tyrant's breast;
But sober History restrain'd her rage,
And promis'd vengeance on a barbarous age.
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her sister Satire held her head:
Nor couldst thou, Chesterfield! a tear refuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.

REMARKS.

[30] *Page*] There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came in his way.

[31] *Mad Mathesis*] Alluding to the strange conclusions some mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the real quantity of matter, the reality of space, &c.

When lo! a harlot form soft sliding by,[45]
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye;
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patchwork fluttering, and her head aside;
By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke:
'*O Cara! Cara!* silence all that train;
Joy to great Chaos! let division reign:[54]
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
One trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage;
To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry *encore*.
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah, soon, rebellion will commence,
If music meanly borrows aid from sense:
Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;

REMARKS.

[45] *When lo! a harlot form*] The attitude given to this phantom represents the nature and genius of the *Italian* Opera.

IMITATIONS.

[54] *Joy to great Chaos*]:

'Joy to great Cæsar!'

The beginning of a famous old song.

To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more'——
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.[70]

And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summon'd to the throne:
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head:
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the goddess, and coher'd around.
Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen.

The gathering number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confess.
Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause:
Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mungrel no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great;

REMARKS.

[70] *Drove him to th' Hibernian shore*] Handel's Messiah was first performed in Dublin, the great composer having in vain endeavoured to get it produced in London.

Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal,
Or impious, preach his word without a call.
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head:
Or vest dull flattery in the sacred gown,
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown;
And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrite.

There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narcissus, prais'd with all a parson's power,[103]
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower.
There mov'd Montalto with superior air;[105]
His stretch'd out arm display'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side;
But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by:[110]

REMARKS.

[103] *Narcissus, prais'd,* &c.] Alluding to Dr. Middleton's laboured encomium on Lord Hervey, in his dedication of the Life of Cicero.

[105] *Montalto*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, verses 115, 116, 117, 118, allude to his edition of Shakespeare coming from the Oxford press.

[110] *Benson*] This man endeavoured to raise himself to fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations, of Milton; and afterwards by as great passion for one Arthur Johnston's (a Scotch physician) Version of the Psalms, of which he printed many fine editions.

On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent knight retir'd with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page:
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appear'd Apollo's mayor and aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capp'd youths await,
To lug the ponderous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling—'Thus revive the wits!
But murder first, and mince them all to bits;
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
A new edition of old Æson gave;
Let standard authors thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my critics! in the chequer'd shade,
Admire new light through holes yourselves have made.[126]
Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A page, a grave, that they can call their own;
But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper, or on solid brick.
So by each bard an alderman shall sit,[131]
A heavy lord shall hang at every wit,

REMARKS.

[131] *So by each bard*, &c.] Alluding to the monument erected to Butler by Alderman Barber.

IMITATIONS.

[126] *Admire new light*, &c.]

'The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.'

WALLER.

And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.'
Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press,
Each eager to present the first address.
Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.
When lo! a spectre rose, whose index hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infants' blood and mothers' tears.[142]
O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs,
Eton and Winton shake through all their sons.
All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place:
The pale boy senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.
Then thus: 'Since man from beast by words is known,
Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,[151]
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of learning, youth to guide,

REMARKS.

151 —*the Samian letter*] The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice.

IMITATIONS.

142 *Dropping with infants' blood*, &c.]
'First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice and parents' tears.'
MILTON.

We never suffer it to stand too wide.
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath,
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? a very poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
There truant Wyndham every muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!
How many Martials were in Pulteney lost!
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can,
And South beheld that masterpiece of man.'[174]

'O (cried the goddess) for some pedant reign!
Some gentle James, to bless the land again:
To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,

REMARKS.

[174] —*that masterpiece of man*] Viz. an epigram. The famous Dr. South used to declare that a perfect epigram was as difficult a performance as an epic poem.

And turn the council to a grammar school!
For sure if Dulness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a king;
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long!
'"The right divine of kings to govern wrong."'
Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day:
[Though Christ Church long kept prudishly away]
Each stanch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,[196]
Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and thick,
On German Crousaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.[198]
As many quit the streams that murmuring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare Hall,

REMARKS.

[196] *still expelling Locke*]. In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading of it. See his Letters in the last edition of his works.

[198] *Crousaz*] Author of the commentary on Pope's *Essay on Man*: see Memoir prefixed to these volumes, p. cxviii.

Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
Plough'd was his front with many a deep remark:
His hat, which never veil'd to human pride,
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.[206]
Low bow'd the rest: he, kingly, did but nod;[207]
So upright quakers please both man and God.
'Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt——is Aristarchus yet unknown?[210]
Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it prose again. [ter;[215]
Roman and Greek grammarians! know your bet-
Author of something yet more great than letter;
While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,

REMARKS.

[206] *Walker*] Bentley's constant friend in college.

IMITATIONS.

[207] *He, kingly, did but nod*]

'He, kingly, from his state
Declin'd not.'— MILTON.

[210] —*is Aristarchus yet unknown?*]

'Sic notus Ulysses?' VIRG.
Dost thou not feel me, Rome? BEN JONSON.

[215] *Roman and Greek grammarians*, &c.] Imitated from Propertius, speaking of the Æneid,

'Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii!
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.'

Stands our digamma, and o'ertops them all.[218]
'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
Dispute of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*,
To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,[223]
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny, may deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
For attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.[228]
In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er,
The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit.
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,

REMARKS.

[218] *our digamma*] An allusion to the restoration of the Eolic digamma, in his projected edition of Homer.

[223] [224] *Freind—Alsop*] Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster School, and canon of Christ Church—Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.

[228] &c. *Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus*] The first a dictionary writer of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute critic; the third a collector who gave his common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much mincemeat of good old authors.

Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.

'Ah, think not, mistress! more true dulness lies
In folly's cap, than wisdom's grave disguise.
Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On learning's surface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much divinity without a Νοῦς.
Nor could a Barrow work on every block,[245]
Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
And metaphysic-smokes involve the pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it:
So spins the silkworm small its slender store,
And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

'What though we let some better sort of fool
Thrid every science, run through every school?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme.

REMARKS.

[245] [246] *Barrow—Atterbury*] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity—Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christ Church; both great geniuses and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies.

We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or, wed to what he must divorce, a muse:
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce:
Or, set on metaphysic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level every mind:
Then take him to develope, if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor from France.[272]
Walker! our hat'——nor more he deign'd to say,
But stern as Ajax' spectre strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And tittering push'd the pedants off the place:[276]
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn or by the opening hound.
The first came forwarsd with an easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the queen.
When thus th' attendant orator begun:
'Receive, great empress! thy accomplish'd son;
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,

REMARKS.

[272] *Whore, pupil*] Said to mean the late Duke of Kingston, and his celebrated mistress, Mad. De La Touche.

IMITATIONS.

[276] *And tittering push'd*, &c.]

'Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius ætas.' HOR.

A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.[284]
The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake;
The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
Thou gav'st that ripeness which so soon began,
And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was boy nor man,
Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past:[290]
Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew;
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls:
To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines:
To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding waves.

IMITATIONS.

[284] *A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God*] '——sine Dis animosus Infans.' HOR.

[290] *The young Æneas past*, &c.] See Virg. Æn. i.

'At Venus obscuro gradientes aere sepsit,
Et multo nebulæ circum dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere possit,
Molirive moram, aut veniendi poscere causas.'

But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps;[308]
Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain.
Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every vice on christian ground;
Saw every court, heard every king declare
His royal sense of operas or the fair;
The stews and palace equally explor'd,
Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
Tried all hors-d'œuvres, all liqueurs defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly daring din'd;
Dropp'd the dull lumber of the Latin store,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
All classic learning lost on classic ground;
And last turn'd air, the echo of a sound!
See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well bred,
With nothing but a solo in his head;
As much estate, and principle, and wit,
As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;[326]

REMARKS.

[308] *And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps*] The winged lion, the arms of Venice. This republic was heretofore the most considerable in Europe for her naval force, and the extent of her commerce; now illustrious for her carnivals.

[326] —*Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber*] Three very eminent persons, all managers of plays; who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth, and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his talents for this end, see book i. ver. 199, &c.

Stolen from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
And, if a borough choose him, not undone;
See, to my country happy I restore
This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive (for her my soul adores),
So may the sons of sons of sons of whores[332]
Prop thine, O empress! like each neighbour throne,
And make a long posterity thy own.'
Pleas'd, she accepts the hero and the dame,
Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.

Then look'd, and saw a lazy lolling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
Of ever listless loiterers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
There too, my Paridell! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,[342]
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.
She pitied! but her pity only shed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

But Annius, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
And well dissembled emerald on his hand,

IMITATIONS.

[332] *So may the sons of sons,* &c.]
'Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.'
VIRG. ÆN. III.

[342] *Stretch'd on the rack——*
And heard, &c.]
'Sedet, *æternumque sedebit!*
Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque *miserrimus* omnes
Admonet.' VIRG. ÆN. VI.

False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep.
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he, but pious, whisper'd first his prayer:
'Grant, gracious goddess! grant me still to cheat!
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit![355]
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise;
Through twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl.
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold,
And keep his lares, though his house be sold;
To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Bless'd in one Niger, till he knows of two.'
Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, fool renown'd,

IMITATIONS.

[355] —— *grant me still to cheat!*
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit]
'—Da, pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere——
Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem.' HOR.

Who, like his Cheops, stinks above the ground,
Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd and said,
Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head:
'Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? traitor base!
Mine, goddess! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit to make their value rise;
From foolish Greeks to steal them was as wise;
More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chas'd him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,
Receiv'd each demigod, with pious care,[383]
Deep in his entrails—I rever'd them there,
I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
And, at their second birth, they issue mine.'
'Witness, great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,
(Replied soft Annius) this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the medals with the meat.
To prove me, goddess! clear of all design,

REMARKS.

[375] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages.

IMITATIONS.

[383] *Receiv'd each demigod*]

'Emissumque ima de sede Typhoëa terræ
Cœlitibus fecisse metum; cunctosque dedisse,
Terga fugæ; donec fessos Egyptia tellus
Ceperit.' OVID.

Bid me with Pollio sup as well as dine:
There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft obstetric hand.' [394]
The goddess smiling seem'd to give consent;
So back to Pollio hand in hand they went.
Then thick as locusts blackening all the ground,
A tribe with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the power,
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower.
But far the foremost two, with earnest zeal
And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.
The first thus open'd: 'Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flower, [405]
Suckled, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and shower.

REMARKS.

[394] *Douglas*] A physician of great learning, and no less taste; above all, curious in what related to Horace; of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.

IMITATIONS.

[405] &c. *Fair from its humble bed*, &c.——*nam'd it Caroline!*
Each maid cried, charming! and each youth, divine!
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries charming! and no youth divine!]

These verses are translated from Catullus, Epith.

'Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
Quam mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ,' &c.

Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipp'd its head.
Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it Caroline![409]
Each maid cried charming! and each youth divine!
Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze?
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries charming! and no youth divine!
And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
Laid this gay daughter of the spring in dust.
O punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.'
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien
Th' accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the queen:

'Of all th' enamell'd race, whose silvery wing[421]
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,

REMARKS.

[409] *nam'd it Caroline*] It is a compliment which the florists usually pay to princes and great personages, to give their names to the most curious flowers of their raising. Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour; but none more than that ambitious gardener at Hammersmith, who caused his favourite to be painted on his sign, with this inscription, 'This is my Queen Carpline.'

IMITATIONS.

[421] *Of all th' enamell'd race*] The poet seems to have an eye to Spenser, Muiopotmos.

'Of all the race of silver-winged flies
Which do possess the empire of the air.'

Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shin'd this child of heat and air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bower
The rising game, and chas'd from flower to flower.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;[427]
It stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd the beauteous bird I seiz'd:
Rose or carnation was below my care;
I meddle, goddess! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but show the prize;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair e'en in death! this peerless butterfly.'

'My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends.
The common soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake.
A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's o'clock.
Yet by some object every brain is stirr'd;
The dull may waken to a humming bird;

IMITATIONS.

427, 428 *It fled, I follow'd*, &c.]

'——I started back;
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd;
Pleas'd it return'd as soon.' MILTON.

The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the cockle kind;
The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss;
The head that turns at superlunar things,
Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.[452]

'O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason given them but to study flies!
See Nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the Author of the whole escape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve!'

'Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to mystery, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:)
Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to nature's cause through nature led.
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of arrogance, and source of pride!

REMARKS.

[452] *Wilkins' wings*] One of the first projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon; which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose.

We nobly take the high priori road,[471]
And reason downward, till we doubt of God:
Make nature still encroach upon his plan,
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thrust some mechanic cause into his place,
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space:
Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God man's image; man, the final cause;
Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
See all in self, and but for self be born:
Of nought so certain as our reason still,
Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will.
O hide the God still more! and make us see
Such as Lucretius drew, a god like thee:
Wrapt up in self, a god without a thought,
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,[488]
While through poetic scenes the genius roves,
Or wanders wild in academic groves;
That Nature our society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores!'[492]

REMARKS.

[471] *the high priori road*] Said to be an oblique censure of Dr. Clarke's famous Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God.

[488] *Theocles*] Shaftesbury.

[492] *Silenus*] Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from Virgil, Ecl. vi. where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink.

By Silenus was meant Mr. Thomas Gordon, who translated Tacitus in an affected hard manner.

Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowzy sire,
And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire;
Then snapt his box, and strok'd his belly down;
Rosy and reverend, though without a gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the goddess dame.
Then thus: 'From priestcraft happily set free,
Lo! every finish'd son returns to thee:
First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
Then dupe to party; child and man the same;
Bounded by nature, narrow'd still by art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a queen![506]
Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
All melted down in pension or in punk!
So K*, so B** sneak'd into the grave,
A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
Poor W** nipt in folly's broadest bloom,[513]
Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb.
Then take them all, O take them to thy breast!
Thy Magus, goddess! shall perform the rest.'
With that a wizard old his cup extends,[517]

REMARKS.

[506] *a queen*] A stroke of satire on Queen Caroline.

[513] *Poor W***] Philip, Duke of Wharton.

[517] *—his cup—Which whoso tastes,* &c.] The cup of self-love, which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of friendship or honour, and of the service of God or our country;

Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,[518]
Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a star, and like Endymion dies:
A feather, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain, and principle is fled;
Lost is his God, his country, every thing,
And nothing left but homage to a king!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;
But, sad example! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good goddess, sent to every child
Firm impudence, or stupefaction mild;
And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
But as the flatterer or dependent paint,
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.

On others Interest her gay livery flings,
Interest, that waves on party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.

REMARKS.

all sacrificed to vainglory, court worship, or the yet meaner considerations of lucre and brutal pleasures. From ver. 520 to 528.

IMITATIONS.

518 *Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends, Sire,* &c.] Homer of the Nepenthe, Odyss. iv.

Αυτικ' αρ εις οινον βαλε φαρμακον, ενδεν επινον
Νηπενθες τ' αχολον τε, κακων επιληθον απαντων.

Others the Syren Sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of fame they hear,
The balm of dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils? your sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick ambition hastes to ridicule:
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.

On some, a priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn:
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another (for in all what one can shine?)
Explains the *seve* and *verdeur* of the vine.[556]
What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
Thy truffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne!
With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain.[560]
Knight lifts the head; for what are crowds undone,

REMARKS.

[556] *Seve* and *verdeur*] French terms relating to wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy.

[560] —*Bladen—Hays*] Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man.—*Robert Knight*, Cashier of the South Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742). These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France.

Colonel Martin Bladen (uncle of Collins the poet) was a man of some literature, and translated Cæsar's Commentaries.

To three essential partridges in one?
Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.
Next bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The queen confers her titles and degrees.
Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,
Impale a glowworm, or vertù profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep freemasons, join the silent race,
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some botanists, or florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast.
Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made doctors of her laws.
Then, blessing all, 'Go, children of my care!
To practice now from theory repair.
All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, assert my throne:
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
The cap and switch be sacred to his grace;
With staff and pumps the marquis leads the race;
From stage to stage the licens'd earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow charioteer, the sun;
The learned baron butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line;
The judge to dance his brother serjeant call;
The senator at cricket urge the ball;

The bishop, stow (pontific luxury!)
A hundred souls of turkeys in a pie;
The sturdy squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drown his lands and manors in a soup.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one monarch more;
And nobly-conscious, princes are but things
Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
Tyrant supreme! shall three estates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land!'
More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All nature nods;
What mortal can resist the yawn of gods? [sleep:
Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd;
(St. James's first, for leaden Gilbert preach'd,)[608]
Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept awake;
The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak:
Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
While the long solemn unison went round:
Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
E'en Palinurus nodded at the helm:
The vapour mild o'er each committee crept;
Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;
And chiefless armies doz'd out the campaign;
And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.

REMARKS.

[608] *Gilbert*] Dr. Gilbert, Archbishop of York, who had attacked Dr. King of Oxford, whom Pope much respected.

O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short memories, and dunces none),
Relate who first, who last, resign'd to rest;[621]
Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest;
What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and intrance the dull; [wrong—
Till drown'd was sense, and shame, and right, and
O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

In vain, in vain—the all-composing hour
Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the power.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand opprest,[637]

IMITATIONS.

[621] *Relate who first, who last, resign'd to rest:*
Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest]
'Quem telo primum, quem postremum *aspera Virgo*
Dejicis? aut quot humi *morientia corpora* fundis?'
VIRG.

[637] *As Argus' eyes,'* &c.]
'Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
Parte tamen vigilat ——
——Vidit Cyllenius omnes
Succubuisse oculos,' &c. OVID. MET. II.

Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night.
See sculking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo: thy dread empire, Chaos! is restor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal darkness buries all.

INDEX OF PERSONS AND MATTERS

CELEBRATED IN THIS POEM AND NOTES.

The Numerals show the Book.—*The Figures the* Verse.

Addison, ii. 124, 140.
Alaric, iii. 91.
Alma Mater, iii. 338.
Annius, an antiquary, iv. 347.
Arnall, William, ii. 315.
Atterbury, Dr. iv. 246.
Attila, iii. 92.

Bacon, iii. 215.
Banks, i. 146.
Barrow, Dr. iv. 245.
Bavius, iii. 24.
Bear and Fiddle, i. 224.
Benlowes, iii. 21.
Benson, William, Esq. iii. 325. iv. 110.
Bentley, Richard, iv. 201.
Bentley, Thomas, ii. 205.
Blackmore, Sir Richard, i. 104, ii. 259, 302, 370.
Bladen, iv. 560.
Bland, a gazetteer, i. 231.
Bœotians, iii. 50.
Bond, ii. 126.
Boyer, Abel, ii. 413.
Boyle, iii. 328.
Breval, J. Durant, ii. 126, 238.
Broome, i. 146.
Brown, iii. 28.
Bruin and Bears, i. 101.
Budgel, Esq. ii. 397.
Burgersdyck, iv. 198.
Burmannus, iv. 237.
Burnet, Thomas, iii. 179.

Caxton, William, i. 149.
Cæsar in Egypt, i. 251.
Centlivre, Susannah, ii. 411.
Cibber, sen. i. 31.
Cibber, Colley, Hero of the Poem, *passim*.
Cibber, jun. iii. 139, 326.
Chesterfield, Lord, iv. 43.
Chi Ho-am-ti, emperor of China, iii. 75.
Codrus, ii. 144.
Concanen, Matthew, ii. 138, 299.
Congreve, ii. 124.
Cook, Thomas, ii. 138.
Crousaz, iv. 198.
Curll, Edm. i. 40, ii. 3, 58, 167, &c.

De Foe, Daniel, i. 103, ii. 147.
De Foe, Norton, ii. 238, 415.
De Lyra, or Harpsfield, i. 153.
Dennis, John, i. 106, ii. 239, iii. 173.
Doctors, at White's, i. 203.
Douglas, iv. 394.
Duckit, iii. 179.
Dunton, John, ii. 144.
Durfey, iii. 146.
Dutchmen, ii. 405, iii. 51.

Evans, Dr. ii. 116.
Eusden, Laurence, poet laureate, i. 104, 293.

Faustus, Dr. iii. 233.
Fleckno, Richard, ii. 2.
Fleetwood, iv. 326.
Freemasons, iv. 576.
French cooks, iv. 553.

Gazetteers, i. 215, ii. 314.
Garth, ii. 140.
Gay, ii. 127, iii. 330.
Generic, iii. 92.
Gilbert, Dr. iv. 608.
Gildon, Chas. i. 296, iii. 173.
Goode, Barn, iii. 153.
Gordon, Thomas, iv. 492.
Goths, iii. 90.
Gregorians and Gormogons, iv. 575.

Handel, iv. 65.
Harpsfield, i. 153.
Hays, iv. 560.
Haywood, Eliza, ii. 157, &c.
Hearne, Thomas, iii. 185.
Heideggre, i. 290.
Henley, John, the Orator, ii. 2, 425, iii. 199, &c.
Heywood, John, i. 98.
Holland, Philemon, i. 154.
Horneck, Philip, iii. 152.
Howard, Edward, i. 297.
Huns, iii. 90.

James I. iv. 176.
Jacob, Giles, iii. 149.
Jansen, a gamester, iv. 326.
John, King, i. 252.
Johnston, iv. 112.
Jones, Inigo, iii. 328.

Kirkall, ii. 160.
Knight, Robert, iv. 561.
Kuster, iv. 237.

Law, William, ii. 413.
Lintot, Bernard, i. 40, ii. 53.
Locke, iii. 215.
Log, King, i. line ult.

Mahomet, iii. 97.
Mandeville, ii. 414.
Mears, William, ii. 125, iii. 28.
Mist, Nathaniel, i. 208.
Milbourn, Luke, ii. 349.
Milton, iii. 216.
Monks, iii. 52.
Montalto, iv. 105.
Moore, James, ii. 50, &c.
Morgan, ii. 414.
Morris, Bezaleel, ii. 126, iii. 108.
Motteux, Peter, ii. 412.
Mummius, an antiquary, iv. 371.
Murray, iv. 169.

Newcastle, Duchess of, i. 141.
Newton, iii. 216.
Nonjuror, i. 253.

Ogilby, John, i. 141, 328.
Oldmixon, John, ii. 283.
Omar, the Caliph, iii. 81.
Osborne, bookseller, ii. 167.
Osborne, Mother, ii. 312.
Ostrogoths, iii, 93.
Owls, i. 271, 290, iii. 54.
Owls, Athenian, iv. 362.
Ozell, John, i. 286.

Paridell, iv. 341.
Philips, Ambrose, i. 105, iii 326.
Pope, iii. 332.
Popple, iii. 151.
Prior, ii. 124, 138.
Prynne, William, i. 103.
Pulteney, iv. 170.

Quarles, Francis, i. 140.
Querno, Camillo, ii. 15.

Ralph, James, i. 216, iii. 165.
Ridley, Thomas, iii. 327.
Ridpath, George, i. 208. ii. 149.
Rich, iii. 261.
Roome, Edward, iii. 152.
Roper, Abel, ii. 149.

Scholiasts, iv. 232.
Settle, Elkanah, i. 90, 146, iii. 37.
Shadwell, Thomas, i. 240, iii. 22.
Shaftesbury, Lord, iv. 488.
Silenus, iv. 492.
Smedley, Jonathan, ii. 291, &c.
Sooterkins, i. 126.
Swift, Dr. i. 19, ii. 116, 138, iii. 331.

Tate, Nahum, i. 105, 238.
Talbot, iv. 168.
Taylor, John, the Water Poet, iii. 19.
Theobald, or Tibbald, i. 133, 286.
Thomas, Mrs. ii. 70.
Thorold, Sir George, i. 85.
Tindal, Dr. ii. 399, iii. 212, iv. 492.
Tonson, Jacob, i. 57, ii. 68.
Toland, John, ii. 399, iii. 212.
Tutchin, John, ii. 148.

Vandals, iii. 86.
Visigoths, iii. 94.

Walker, hat-bearer to Bentley, iv. 206, 273.
Walpole [late Sir Robert], praised by our author, ii. 314, iv. 614.
Ward, Edward, i. 233, 296, iii. 146.
Ward, John, iii. 34.
Warner, Thomas, ii. 125.
Wasse, iv. 237.
Webster, ii. 258.
Welsted, Leonard, ii. 207, iii. 169.
Whitfield, ii. 258.
Wilkins, ii. 125.
Withers, George, i. 296.
Woolston, Thomas, iii. 212.
Wormius, iii. 188.
Wren, Christ. iii. 329.
Wynkyn de Worde, i. 149.
Wyndham, iv. 167.

Young, Dr. ii. 116.

THE END.

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14

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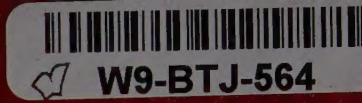
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